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April, 25¢

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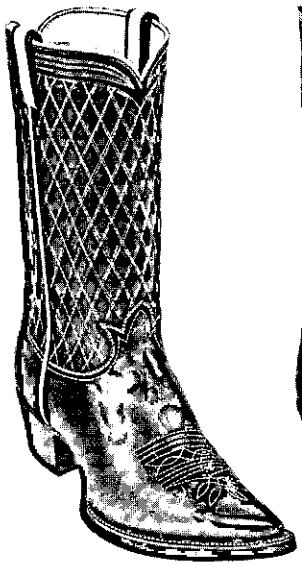

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March-April, 1960
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Whole No. 38

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Well, Heckfire-doggone!

YOU TOLD US you wanted more of *True West* and we gave it to you (in the form of *Frontier Times*) and you're not buying it like you said.

You have seen those cartoons where old Tom is so nice and persuading and sweet and convincing that he lures the little mouse out of his protective hole—then clobbers him good? By golly, friends, countrymen and drygulchers—that is almost what happened to us!

Those letters came by the **thousands**—"Give us more of *True West!*" "You **must** publish it more often!" "Why in the world do you make us wait two months?" "If you people weren't so stupid, you would know that everybody is wanting more of your magazine—take the field while you can!"

I could go on and on and on with those statements and the fine, reassuring letters, but it seems like a pin pricking me every time I quote one of those passages! It just flat seemed that we had 100% of our readers wanting more of *True West*—and I guess we really did—and **do**. However, the great question mark was would they take the title of another magazine on their *True West* and accept it as **being** *True West*? Well, folks, clodhoppers and owlhooters—you didn't, they didn't or somebody didn't—anyway, *Frontier Times* almost ruined us in health, finances and soundness of mind. Also, it durned-nigh killed *True West!*

Now, again approaching a semblance of being in sound mind, I shall try and attempt to tell you just what happened. It was impossible for us to put out *True West* monthly at the time. Our distributor and newsstand experts told us that there would be a considerable difference in sales on the newsstands over a one-month period compared to a two-month period for at least the first year. We wanted to add four colors to the cover and sixteen additional pages (which we did) and really come out as fair-to-middling magazine publishers. Well, we got out our second-hand madstone and when it wouldn't stick to our brain, we figured the coast was clear. So we opened up the old whistle and let the steam out in a continuous scream.

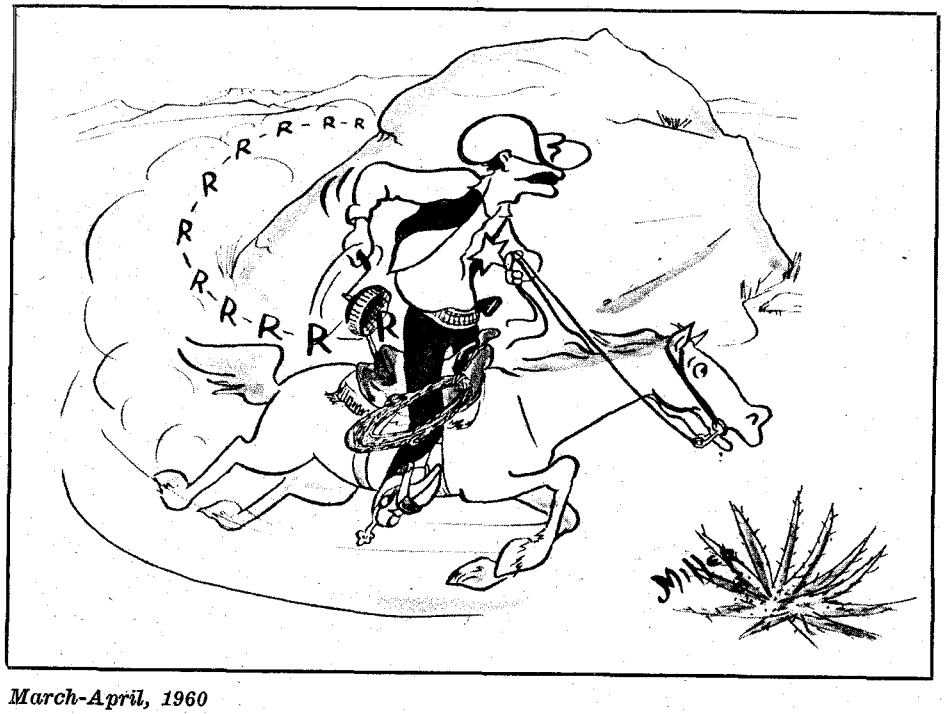
We explained to everybody over and over again that *Frontier Times* was simply *True West* under another title—like rare old wine bottled under two labels. It is the very same wine even though one label carries a different name. We said at last here is what you have been hollering, yelling and screaming for. We admitted that we were afraid to branch out with so little money. But we knew we had the willing shoulders of many thousands pushing our load of worries up the steep hill.

That is when the caliche dust hit the fan. . . .

YOU KNOW SOMETHING—our readers would have none of that old stuff! *Frontier Times* was *Frontier Times* and *True West* was *True West* and any blamed fool could tell the difference because it said so on the cover! What a shock that was to old hollow-chested Joe and his brood of bleeding, hard-working, patient, ever-suffering helpers! The mistake was so bad that for a while there, the cold Texas northers blew right through gaping holes in my poor kids' underdrawers!

So I get on my little stump and I holler and I shout and I preach and I tell our loyal followers that *Frontier Times* IS *True West* and is only published under another title because of keeping both magazines on the newsstands longer. I even proved it to myself by having pulled an issue of *True West* and at the last moment ran it as *Frontier Times*—but I **still** didn't prove it to *True West* readers. *Frontier*

(Continued on page 63)



"RIDE AND KILL! KILL! KILL!"

George Catlin rode into the Indian wilderness armed only with paintbrush and canvas. He was determined to learn their ways—even if he had to ride in their most dangerous and grueling sport, the buffalo hunt!

HANGING BILL COONS WAS SUCH FUN! It was nice to have friends, thought Bill Coons at the height of his party. Others thought it would be real nice to have Bill's birth date and death date read the same on his tombstone!

THE NINE LIVES OF CAPTAIN FRANK JONES, by Tom Bailey. Almost unbelievable, yet true, is this heretofore untold saga of the charmed life of Texas' famous Frontier Battalion Captain, Frank Jones.

I KNEW QUANAH PARKER. His name was like magic on the Texas plains—it was no wonder that Quanah Parker's memory was a benign influence on a young boy through the years.

"I AM NO COWARD!" His bravery was questioned. Caspar Collins would risk everything to disprove the statement—even his life!

COMANCHES AND THEIR HORSES, by J. Frank Dobie. The Comanche was cut down at his riding best. His vast herds of well-bred horses, suitable for treacherous terrain and long journeys, vanished from the American scene.

LOST FOR 37 DAYS IN YELLOWSTONE. What would you do if you were lost and alone in the sprawling, animal-infested wilds of the Yellowstone? Only a strong will to live saved the inexperienced Everts through a maze of blunders.

NIGHTMARE IN THE BITTERROOTS! "Had any more dreams?" laughed Lewiston citizens. Hill Beachy could have laughed last, if he had felt like it, when he dragged Magruder's murderers to trial in one of the strangest manhunts of the West.

There just isn't enough room to list other thrilling stories like ROBBINGEST ROBBER, COWBOY BRIGADE, THE SOUTHWEST'S GREATEST TRACKER and MURDER ON THE SNAKE. "Nuggets" brings you OLD GABRIEL, WHAT'S IN A NAME?, MEAT IN THE POT and THE BIGGEST TRAIL HERD. Don't miss this Spring issue of FRONTIER TIMES—it's power-packed plus!

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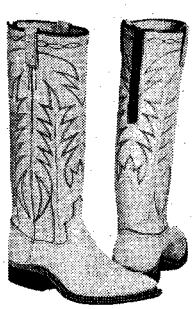

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Truly Western

First Subscribers Return!

Howdy!

Dad-gum! A man can't go on a little trip to Atlanta as a special guest of Uncle Sam (on account of his being a mite careless about making a good brand of moonshine likker, having plural wives and forgetting his income tax) but what he's greeted with a card on his return saying, "Good-bye Pal." You dang fellers are worse than one of my mother-in-laws—taking every cent a poor fellow has.

I've tried these New York publications and I can truthfully say *True West* is *far above them all when it comes to* tearing up and making wads for a muzzle-loading shotgun.

So, here's my money and I suggest that you take those gals in the outer office out to a cup of coffee to celebrate the occasion of one of your first subscribers coming back to life again. *True West* is terrific!—R. O. Ramsey, 1009 W. Lexington St., Danville, Kentucky.

Getting subscribers isn't all a tooth-pulling matter. Lots of them send in their money and still have something left over for the coon dog and mother-in-law.

Wiggle Witching Investor?

Okay, Folks:

After having read so many interesting articles in *True West* magazine, I absorb those which I can see are reasonably within my line of interest—locating and prospecting minerals.

I have gathered all the authentic data I was able to find on the methods used by the Spaniards—natural miners of the world—while checking lost mineral deposits or lost mines in Texas, California and Colorado as well as Arkansas. The Spaniards had mining activities in the northwest Arkansas region from the time of De Soto up until being driven out about 280 years ago by the Black Hawk Indians who held it for 100 years.

Being afflicted with that wonderful natural gift of Wiggle Witching for minerals or anything else, I know no other methods of locating underground minerals or substances. This method is based on the theory that a like mineral or substance will attract another like substance.

For example: you can take two hairs from three persons' heads. Number them one, two and three. Keep one set of hairs and place the other numbered set in separate pieces of cellophane paper (cellophane is non-conductible). Bury them in soft ground one foot down and ten feet apart—not letting me see where they are placed. Without assistance I can lay the corresponding hairs per number over the buried hairs.

There is a place here in Arkansas where the Spaniards used to slip back to once or twice a year and disappear for several days. People living in the neighborhood within fifteen or twenty miles would hear heavy blasting between midnight and four o'clock in the morning. Then the Spaniards would come out and disappear as mysteriously. Neighbors never found the place where they were working for some years after they quit coming. One day a group of fox hunters accidentally stumbled onto it in a rugged section dug in the side of a mountain and down into a solid rock from which the ore was taken. Before leaving, the Spaniards dynamited the passage through the rock so that it was closed. One can now see past this obstruction where the passageway has in time past been used. When first discovered, the white men noticed two large trees cut and hewed square with one end placed in grooves cut in the bank. The other end was fastened securely by rock on the other

(Continued on page 56)

"Talk about sensations—did you ever get licked by a wagon tongue?"

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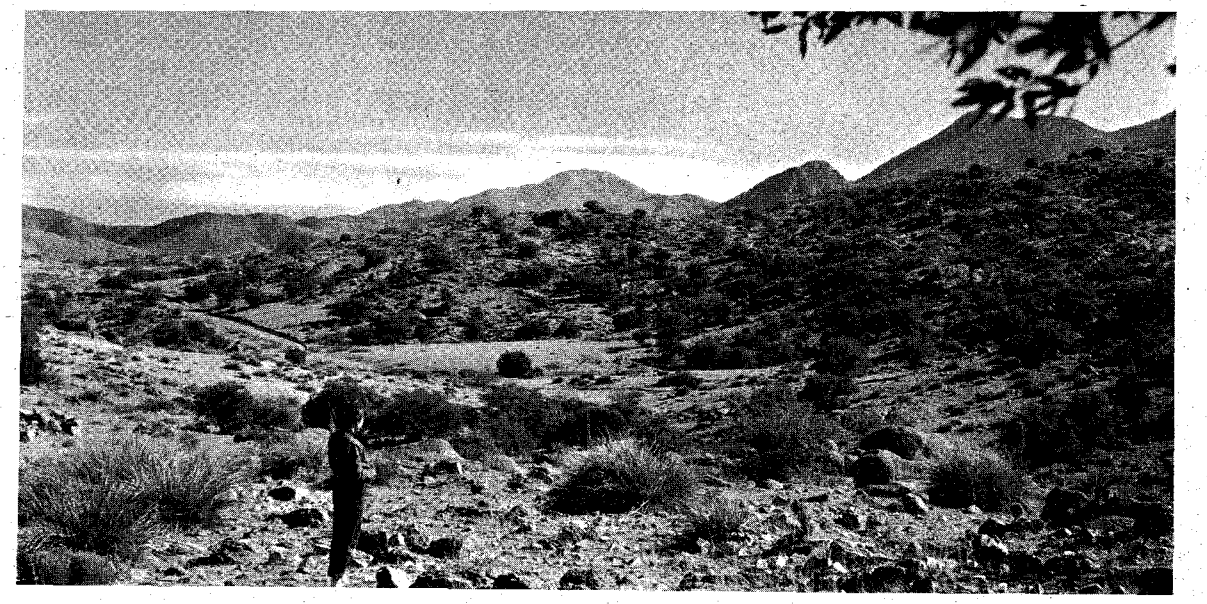
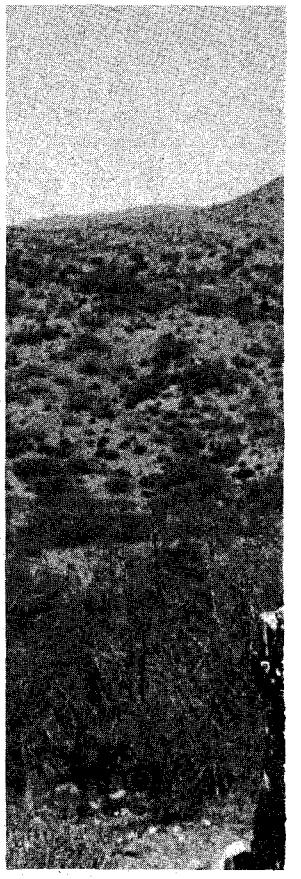


The clear area (left center) is the west entrance of Apache Pass. Here the Apaches massacred a wagon train a few days after the Bascom incident.

The West's Bloodiest Pass!

By FENTON W. TAYLOR

A narrow defile in Arizona's Chiricahua Mountains, under the eternal vigilance of the Apaches, took more emigrant lives than any other obstacle along the entire route West.



THE emigrant train out of El Paso, bound for California, had been plodding along since four o'clock that morning and the travelers were growing weary. Their goal was the spring in Apache Pass, high in the Chiricahua Mountains of Arizona.

Reports on the pass were favorable. No Apaches had been seen in the region for nearly a month and an overnight stop was permissible.

But when the wagons were a mile and a half from the narrow defile, a scout rode in to report he had found fresh Indian sign. There wasn't enough of it to indicate a formidable force, yet the activity was ominous.

Up and down the line of wagons went the word. "Keep your rifles handy! We may be in for trouble."

Anxiously the women of the train, the safety of whose children came first, scanned the frowning Chiricahuas and wished they had never made the trip west. But the menfolk, having heard similar warnings before this, were not as apprehensive. Why worry about a few Indians? The train was well armed.

As the wagons moved on up the canyon, the walls began to squeeze in, narrowing down to only the width of three wagons. Walnut, mulberry, mesquite and occasionally wild cherry trees stretched out their branches to catch at the canvas wagon covers.

Now within half a mile of the spring, where the travelers had expected to camp for the night, a scout reported increasing Indian sign.

"The devils have been about," he told Captain White, the wagonmaster. "I wouldn't be surprised if we're attacked."

"What about our flanks?" the captain asked. "Have we no riders out?"

The scout explained that the approaches to the pass, except up the narrow canyon, were too rough for a horse to climb and for that reason no riders were out.

"Then we have no way of knowing if they have us surrounded?"

To this question the scout made no

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reply, for the wagonmaster, although new to the trail, already knew the answer.

With night not far away, and everyone dead tired, it was too late to turn back; there was nothing to do now but face whatever fate awaited the weary travelers.

Along the train again went the word —"Hold on to your guns, men! All signs indicate trouble ahead."

Just when Apache Pass became a trailway through the Chiricahuas, no one on the train knew, nor does anyone today know. Perhaps it was used by early Mexican bands who went north, for they called it *Puerto Del Dado* which means, literally translated, The Doorway of Dice. This was an apt name, for it was a toss-up whether or not a man could go through the gap without losing his life. Located some thirty-five miles west of the present Arizona-New Mexico border, and 120 miles east of Tucson, it offered ideal ambush traps along almost its entire length. Events occurring there with an alarming frequency were helping shape Arizona's history—events that all but matched the savagery of the one now in the making.

Suddenly wild war whoops split the peaceful sounds of plodding wagons as hidden Apache warriors leaped up from ambush to swarm over the train like a pack of wolves attacking sheep.

The men grabbed the rifles at their sides. Mothers and children turned to burrow into the packed wagon beds for safety. But the attack was too sudden, too swift for defense. A huge bronze-skinned Apache scrambled to the top of the eastern rock pillar and stood above the action to shout gutteral directions to his warriors. This chief was the father of Cochise.

Screams, shouts, yells, the staccato spitting of the few rifles, and shrill neighing from terrified horses all mingled to din against the canyon walls. Abruptly the noise diminished, then ceased. The entire White party was slaughtered except for five women and the children, who were taken captive. Of the women prisoners, two were married and three were in their teens.

After burning the wagons, the Apaches broke camp under Cow Peak and fled with their captives to the fastnesses of the Dragoon Mountains.

A detachment of cavalry troops discovered the massacre scene a few days after it occurred and immediately set out to pursue the guilty band. When Cochise's father learned of the pursuit, he turned the children over to Cochise. "Take them to Francisco's tribe in the Coyotero country," he told his son. "Scatter them among the people." Then he himself took the women captives to Fronteras, Mexico, where he hoped to sell them into slavery for a good price. He found purchasers for the two married women readily enough, but he asked too high a price for the girls. No one would buy them.

Some of the Mexican merchants plotted to rid themselves of the hated Apache chief while he was in the town. They invited him and his warriors to a feast in his honor. Cochise's father accepted, leaving enough of his braves in camp to guard the three unsold captives.

After gorging on food, the Indians kept the tequilla cups emptied under the urging of the Mexicans, until at last they lay in a drunken stupor on the floor. The hosts then murdered the guests. They sent a message to the remaining braves: "We have killed the chief and his braves. Take this warning to your people, that we will kill all the Apaches that come into our country."

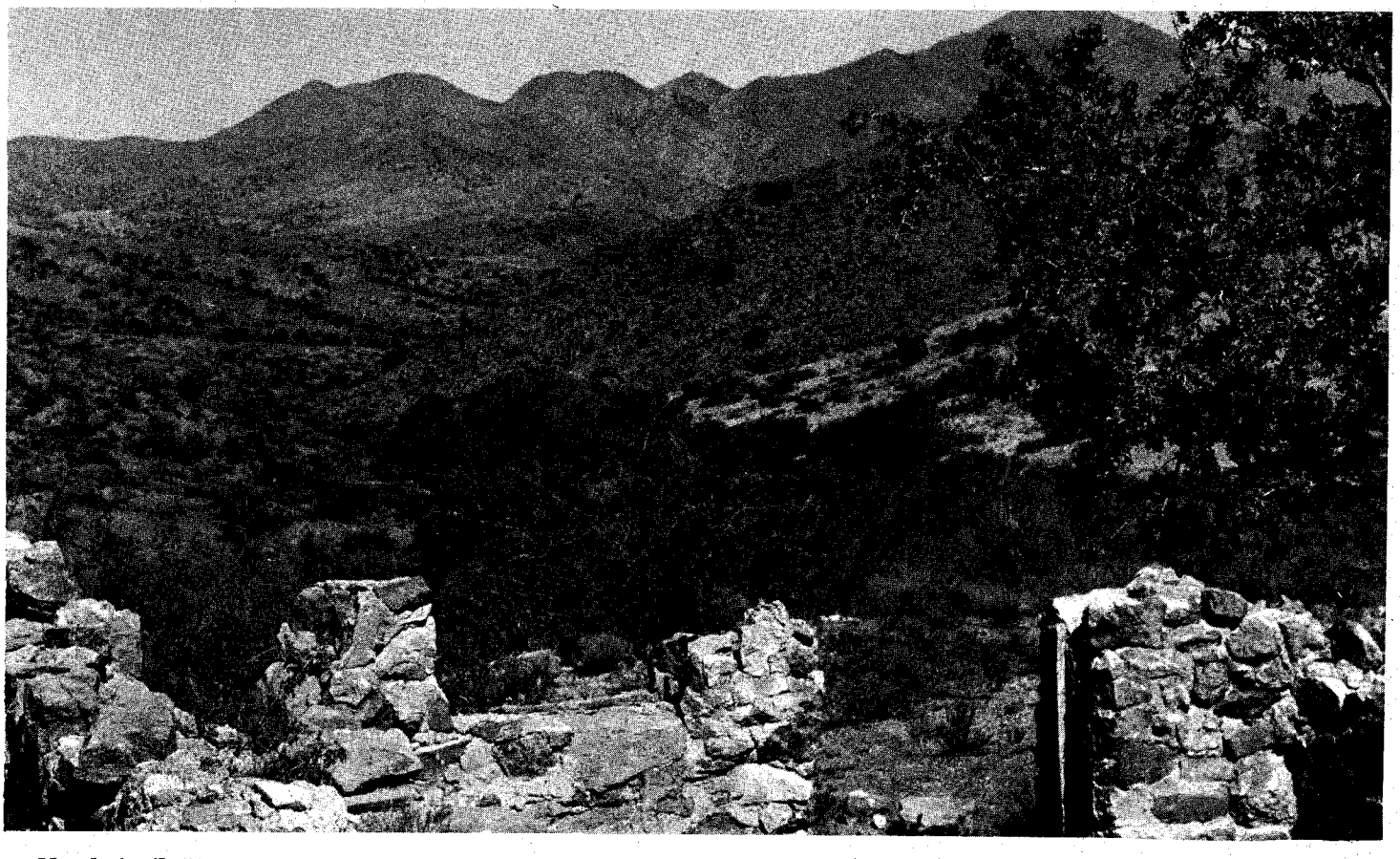
Anxious to speed this news to the Dragoons and the tribe, the Apaches pushed their ponies hard on the homeward trip. But the captives were a hindrance to speed. Finally becoming very irritated with the girls, the warriors turned on them, stuck quick death blows, and left the bodies where they fell. A few years later a group of Santa Rita miners crossing the country discovered the three skeletons.

The death of his father made Cochise chief of the Chiricahua tribe. Also it filled him with an enduring hatred for the Mexican people, and they felt the force of this animosity through the years as he raided their towns, plundering and slaughtering.

TO DISCOVER what happened to the remainder of the White wagon train captives, it is necessary to trace the history of Apache Pass, which was not used extensively until after the Gadsden Purchase in 1853. During the Mexican War, General Kearney crossed the Arizona territory by following the Gila River, and the Mormon Battalion traveled via Guadalupe Pass in Sonora and on to the San Pedro River and to Tucson.

Probably the first American party to traverse the pass was a New Orleans company lead by Dr. O. M. Wozencraft in 1848. After the Gadsden Purchase, Lieutenant John G. Parke explored the country, preparatory to surveying a rail-

Looking west from the ruins of the post trader building at the old Fort Bowie ruins, one can see the clump of trees in the center marking the spring. The first Fort Bowie occupied the hill on the left. Rock redoubts may still be seen on the hill to the right. They may be the ones built by Cochise's warriors for the Battle of Apache Pass.



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Fort Bowie shortly after Geronimo was brought there as a prisoner.

road right-of-way to California, and he designated the grade between the Dos Cabezas Mountains and Mount Graham as the route to follow. His report served to advertise the springs in Apache Pass, and emigrant travel rapidly increased.

Stages of the San Antonio and San Diego Mail Line rutted a deeper road through the canyon and the maze of ravines. Officials admonished passengers to carry firearms with them through the dangerous Indian country. This fact, plus a double guard to accompany each stage through Apache Pass, apparently discouraged attack, for few of the stages were molested.

This line discontinued its western travel service after John Butterfield signed a government contract to carry mail from St. Louis to San Francisco over the same route. Stage stations had to be constructed along the line for this venture. William Buckley and Silas St. John, with two Americans and some Mexican laborers, built a substantial forty-five by fifty-five foot stone corral in Apache Pass a quarter of a mile west of the spring. They framed the kitchen and sleeping rooms in the southwest corner and a ten-foot storage space in the west end for grain, firearms and ammunition. With portholes in every stall, the corral was a small fort. The men had to haul water from the spring daily, using a burro and two ten-gallon kegs for this task.

The construction crew was fifteen miles west of the pass when Captain James H. Tevis, a Tucsonian in pursuit of Indians and stolen cattle, met them. He became interested in the stage line and applied for a job, which he received. As soon as the schedule of operation began, he became the official government trading agent at the Apache Pass station.

Before the new line commenced stage service, Dr. Michael Steck, agent for the Southern Apaches, met Cochise and his tribe at the new mail station and exacted a promise from the chief to molest neither the coaches nor frequent travelers. This promise Cochise kept, but a few renegade bands caused occasional trouble.

It was eight o'clock on the morning of September 16, 1858, when the first stage of the Butterfield Overland Mail left St. Louis for San Diego. Through Apache Pass it rolled without any incident and on to Tucson, reaching there Saturday, October 2. San Francisco welcomed this first coach on the morning of October 10, after it had covered a distance of 2,500 miles in a little less than twenty-four days.

Things went well at the station. Members of the Chiricahua tribe came to the post to trade, and Tevis discovered that they had no taste for licorice and other sweetmeats, but that they had a great liking for castor oil, especially before drinking the fiery *tiswin*. His supply of the oil sold out in short order, and he had to send for more. The Indians learned that they could earn money by supplying firewood to the station, and many of them worked at this project.

Tevis understood the Apaches and got along with them very well. They learned to love and respect him. He became a fast friend of Esconolea, an old man and lesser chief of the Chiricahuas. From him Tevis had the story of the White wagon train massacre.

His interest in the fate of the captives caused him to search out some of the children left among the tribes. Any of them he located refused to return to the white man's civilization. He secured two boys who were taken to Fort Belknap, Texas, to be returned to their relatives. In just a few weeks the boys sneaked away and made their way to the Comanches.

Tevis made a trip to Fronteras just to find the two married women sold there. One was alive, living like a poor peon with a poverty-stricken sheep herder. He found her carrying a water jug from the well. She was dressed in the meagerest of rags, her hair an unkempt tangle, her bare feet black with dirt.

After he managed to pierce the barrier which made her hesitate to talk, the woman told Tevis that the other captive had died from a broken heart a short time after her purchase. She herself had been bought by a Mexican merchant and when he grew tired of her, he had sold her cheaply to the shepherd.

When Tevis suggested that he buy her and take her back to the United States, she cried, "No! No! I can not go back with you. My people are all dead now. If I did go back, my friends and others would shun me for what has happened to me and for what I am."

Tevis learned that she was probably raised near Lockhart, Texas. When he

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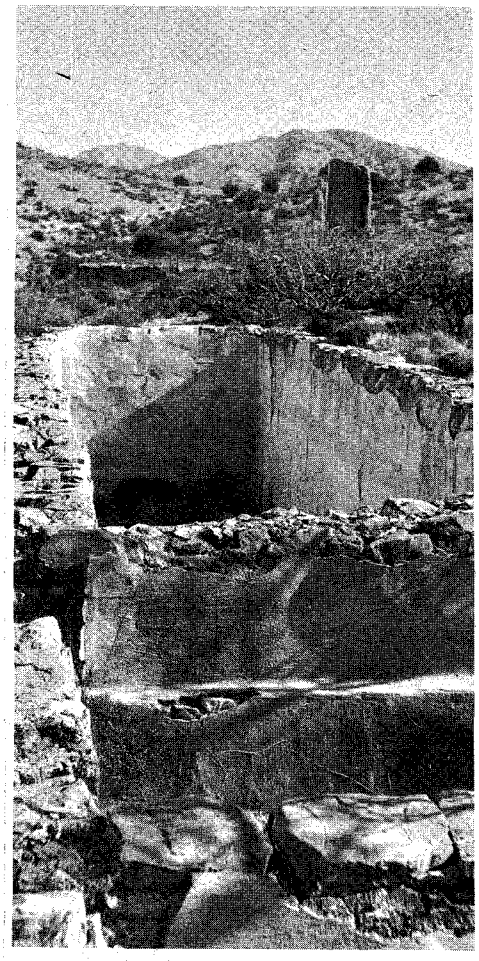
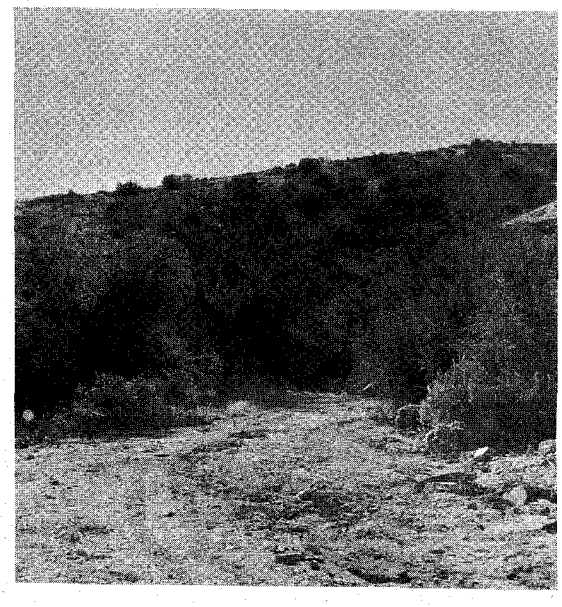
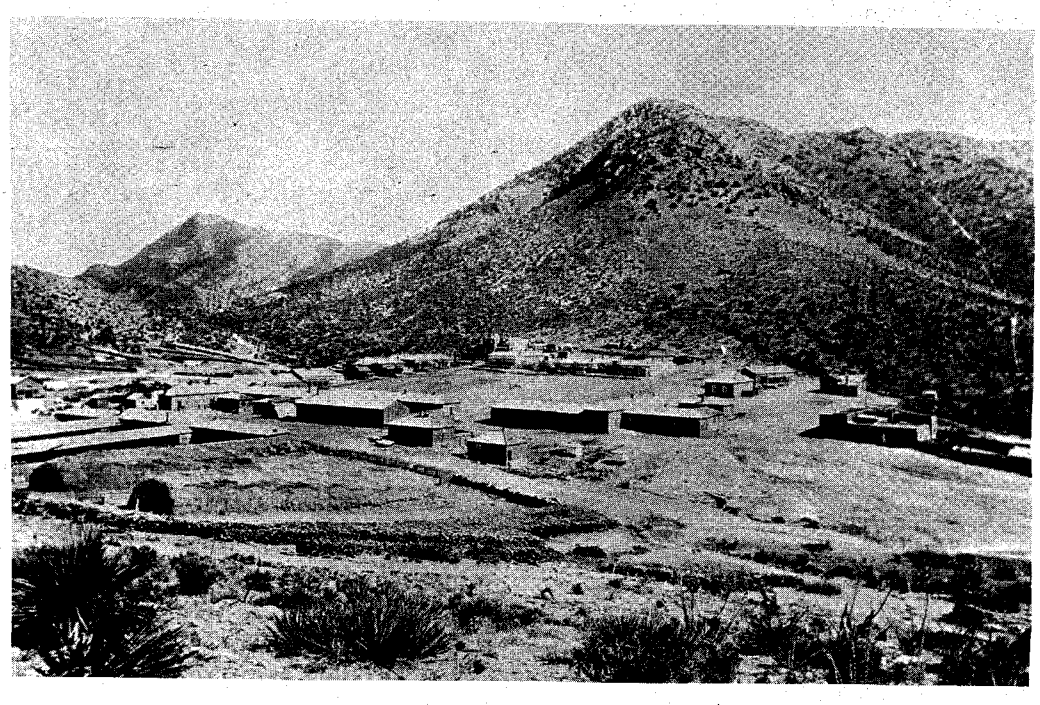


The cisterns that once held the fort's water supply.

At the massacre site, this sign, erected by the Bowie Chamber of Commerce, tells the story.



It was on this road that the White Wagon Train was massacred. Cochise's father directed the slaughter from a point to the left.



Fort Bowie in 1886, looking southeast. Haystack may be discerned in the left foreground. The post trader is at the right.

was ready to return to the mail station, he told her to send word to him there should she change her mind about leaving Mexico.

"When I bade her goodbye," he wrote, "she sat down and cried like a child."

DURING THE first winter at Apache Pass Station, Tevis was surprised one dreary day to see an emigrant train heading east from California. Dragging along behind one of the wagons was a thin drooping horse that looked about ready to drop. "This is California Poll," the owner told Tevis. "She's a good race horse. Won us a lot of money out on the coast. But I'm afraid she'll never live to see Texas."

In spite of her emaciated condition, the horse showed some good lines. Tevis inquired her value. "We were offered one hundred dollars for her in California," the man said. It was probably a feeling of compassion for the poor animal that caused Tevis to buy her.

After a month of rest, care, and good feed, California Poll began to show her qualities of good breeding. She became a great pet, following Tevis around the corral. Soon she became his favorite mount, and she carried him all over the region. All his Indian friends admired the beauty of this fine horse.

At the station the Indians were welcomed into the kitchen to warm themselves before the big fireplace, but a strict rule would not allow them inside the corral. Another company rule rigidly adhered to was that all Indians must leave the station house when a coach arrived.

One day a stage approached and the Apaches were told to go outside. A warrior known by the name "Dirty Shirt" refused to leave. Tevis collared him immediately and heaved him out the door. As Tevis turned to re-enter the building, Dirty Shirt grabbed a lance and threw it at the agent, striking the wall close to Tevis' head. Thoroughly angered, Tevis again seized the Indian. He banged the red man's head soundly against the stone wall. Dirty Shirt staggered away, swearing vengeance.

Cochise came to the station later, and Tevis could tell from his manner that he was there for a purpose. When the order was given to clear the room, Cochise ignored it. Tevis proceeded to eject the Apache chieftain as he had the Apache warrior.

Brad Daily, the stage driver, witnessed this action, and the blood drained from his face. Hastily he changed teams, herded the passengers into the coach, and struck out for Dragoon Springs on the run. He made the forty miles in four hours, a record for the drive. He was so sure that Cochise would wipe out Apache Pass station and then attack the one at Dragoon Springs that he went on to Tucson.

But Cochise picked himself off the ground, folded his arms, and stood like a dignified statue until the coach left. Then he challenged Tevis to a personal duel on horseback, the agent to use a

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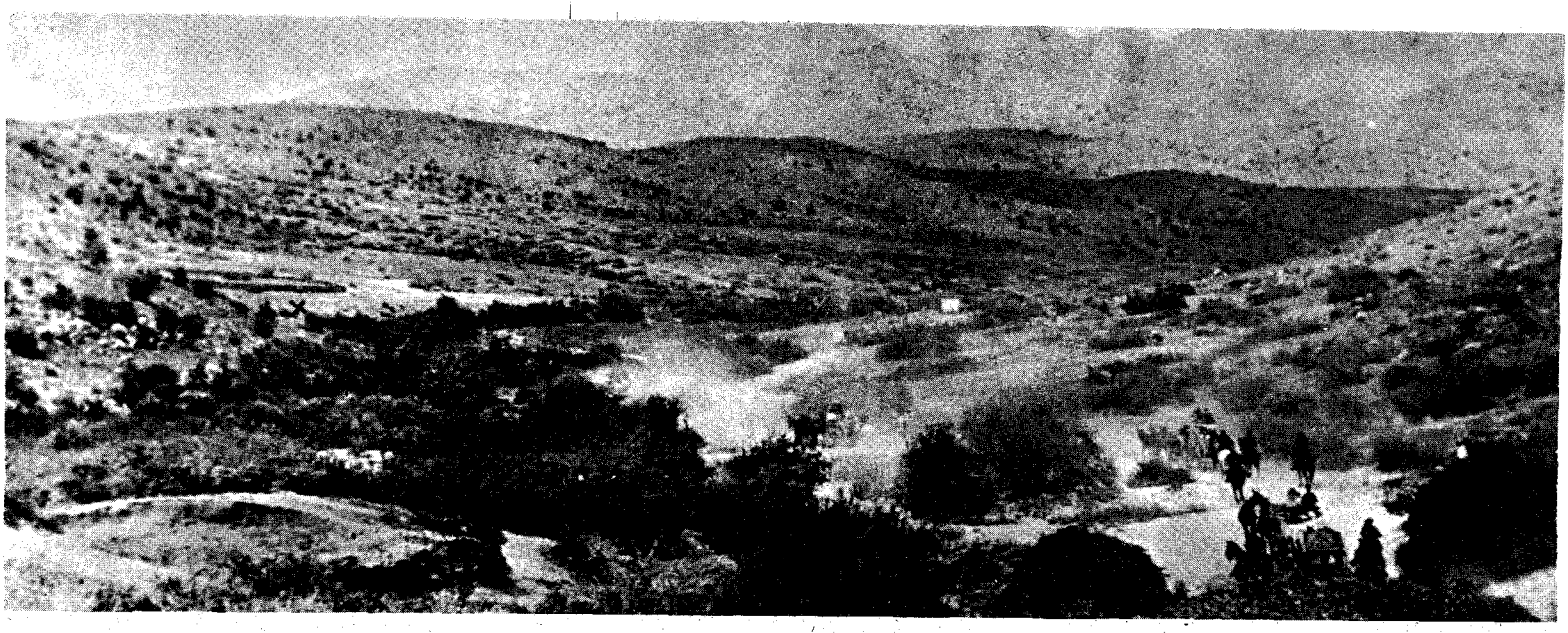

Above: Here the procession taking Geronimo to board the train at Bowie Station winds into the pass below the spring. The cross at the left center, below the corral, marks the grave of Little Robe, Geronimo's son. At left: Geronimo (right) and Nachise, his son, at Fort Bowie after their surrender.

six-gun and Cochise to use his lance.

"I won't fight you," said Tevis. When Cochise taunted him as a coward, Tevis said, "Listen, Cochise, you have your customs and rules and so do we Americans. If I were in your wigwam and refused to leave when you ordered me to, you'd throw me out as I did you when you broke our rule. You are not acting like the great leader you are. You should set a better example for Dirty Shirt and your other warriors."

Such talk soon mollified Cochise, and he was friendly in a sullen sort of way. But Dirty Shirt did not forget. And these two incidents were aggravated when Tevis whipped the little brother of Cochise's brother-in-law for stealing sugar. The brother-in-law came to Tevis. "You know I will have to fight you for what you did to my little brother," he said. "I'm going to leave, now, but when we meet again, you be ready to fight."

For some time this threat worried the agent. Then one day he mounted California Poll and rode out to Seven Mile Canyon to check the water supply which was getting low. This done he stopped and, letting his mount nibble the grass, stretched out under an oak tree to rest. It was warm and he was tired. He dozed.

The horse's sudden snorting aroused him. He reached for his gun as he sat up quickly. This action saved him, for two arrows buried their heads into the earth where he had been lying. He looked up to see Dirty Shirt rushing him. He snapped a quick shot at the Apache, fortunately killing him instantly. Cochise's brother-in-law was leaping toward him, sharp steel gleaming in his hand, and Tevis dodged, but the Indian's shoulder struck him down causing him to lose his grip on the gun.

They came together in hand-to-hand combat. As they grappled at close quarters, Tevis could tell that the Apache was very *tiswin* drunk. Tevis began to taunt the warrior. This action threw the red man into such a fury that he turned into a careless madman. Tevis secured a grip on his arm and threw him to the ground. Not able to reach his gun quickly enough, Tevis drew his own knife. When the raging brave hurtled toward him again, Tevis feinted, then quickly drove his knife home as the Apache's blade sliced a furrow across Tevis' breast.

Carefully burying the two bodies, Tevis returned to the station, badly shaken by the fight. He was unaware of the fact that Esconolea had witnessed the fray. He didn't know this until the old chief came to the station a few days later with a warning. The bodies had been found. Cochise knew. "Unless you leave," Esconolea told Tevis, "you will have to fight Cochise. He will be after you someday soon."

Having no desire to face the Chiricahua chief in combat, Tevis asked the stage line officials for a replacement at the station. When the time came for him to leave Apache Pass, he was surprised to see many of his Apache friends come to bid him farewell and attempt to persuade him to stay. He took the eastbound stage to New Mexico where, for a time, he engaged in mining enterprises.

MAIL COACHES through Apache Pass traveled unmolested most of the time after Tevis left. When an infrequent raid did occur, it was at the hands of a renegade Apache band. As far as is known, Cochise kept the peace. But in the latter part of 1860, an event germinated and grew into a tragic incident, bringing war to the Apache Pass country for many years.

John Ward, a rancher, reported to the commanding officer at Fort Buchanan, Colonel Pitcairn Morrison, that his boy and stock had been stolen by Cochise. There was no evidence to substantiate this accusation against the chief.

Morrison delayed action for several weeks. Ward goaded him until he ordered a recent West Point graduate, Lieutenant George N. Bascom, who had no knowledge of the Apaches, to accompany Ward with a detail of men to Apache Pass in an attempt to recover the boy and the cattle.

All the way to the pass, Ward filled Bascom with his venomous hatred for Cochise. Bascom accepted everything Ward told him about the Chiricahua leader.

(Continued on page 38)

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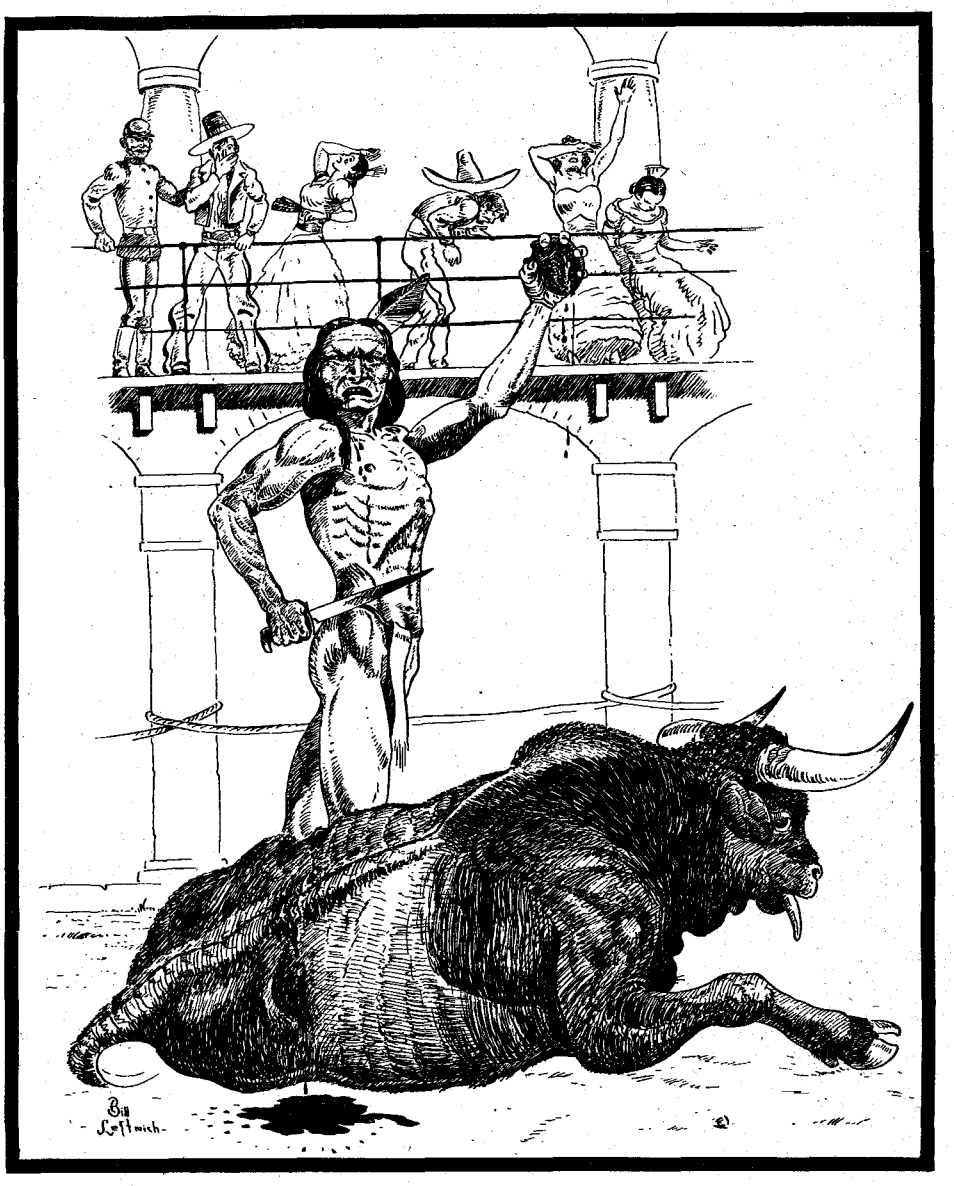
Buffalo—slaying Bullfighters

By WM. CX HANCOCK

Illustrated by Bill Leftwich

Could two stalwart Indian braves, who killed buffalo with knives fight a real Spanish bull?



THE cheers of the holiday crowd were for the Indian riding the bucking horse—bareback. Never had they seen anyone ride so smoothly, without a saddle.

Suddenly the cheering died out as there came a sound like that of a corral being torn apart.

"El toro!" screamed the crowd. "Look out for the bull!"

The greatest and by far the meanest Spanish bull anybody in St. Augustine, Florida, had ever seen, came charging out of the broken cage. Death, possibly for both horse and rider, could not be far away . . .

THE INDIAN on the bucking bronc was White Horse, one of the seventy-four luckless South Plains red men who had been imprisoned at Fort Marion after the uprising of 1874. He was famed among the Kiowas as leading horse-thief, bronc-buster and buffalo slayer. In the arena with him was Red Arrow, also mounted, who was the champion buffalo hunter for the Cheyennes.

The deeds for which the Indians had been imprisoned—considered bloody crimes by the whites—were but justifiable acts of revenge in the eyes of the prisoners. Most of their offenses had been committed against Mexicans and Texans, considered natural enemies of the South Plains Indians, and they found it impossible to believe that Texas was part of the United States—as did a lot of Texans, for that matter. Hadn't Texans and U. S. soldiers fought one another? So why all the fuss?

In spite of their confusion, the prisoners at Fort Marion were well-behaved and their good conduct soon earned them the run of the prison grounds. Captain R. H. Pratt and the Fort Marion prison authorities were amazed at the tractable conduct of mighty warriors whose hands had so recently dripped paleface blood. As soon as the citizens of St. Augustine discovered that the Indians were not dangerous, they were permitted to visit the town where they soon became a familiar sight.

The very personable Captain Pratt made many friends in St. Augustine. To his new friends, he liked to talk about his Indian charges, for whom he had developed a genuine affection. One night at a dinner party, Captain Pratt glowingly described to his Spanish hosts the matchless skill and courage of the Plains Indian as he raced his pony into a thundering herd of buffalo and killed the mighty brutes with a single thrust of his short hunting lance.

To the Captain's chagrin, he discovered his listeners not overly impressed. Instead they called his attention to the fact that their countrymen back in Spain, while on foot and armed only with a cape and sword, regularly and successfully fought to the death gigantic man-killing bulls. Perhaps the *vino* had young Pratt's mind fired up a little and he would not have his Indians outdone. Anyway he sounded off to the effect that his Indians could and would kill, without benefit of firearms, any bull the citizens of St. Augustine could supply. Furthermore, he declared that the spectacle would match in thrills any *corrida* ever staged in Spain.

The townspeople rose to the challenge with a vengeance. They had wide contacts in the ranching world and had ranches near and far searched for the proper bull. At last they came up with a particularly ferocious black giant and had him shipped in and caged at the south end of the town's main street. The bull was starved and tormented three days preceding the proposed bull-

(Continued on page 36)

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A sharpened pine stick driven into a bullet hole in his head

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Bloody Trail of the Espinosas

By EVERETT BAIR

The vendetta took forty Colorado lives before it was stopped by Scout Tobin—a man who delighted in collecting human heads.

COLORADO Territory was barely two years old when a bloody carnage was smeared across her newly-written pages. For wanton, demoniacal murder, the Espinosa story has never been matched.

In the spring of 1863, the entire region for a radius of 150 miles around Canon City was panic-stricken by repeated reports of murdered travelers on lonely mountain trails. Nine men had been found shot to death in that vicinity. Each victim bore the marks of the coup de grace.

The first victim within Colorado was a soldier near Conejos. From the site of his murder, the gory trail moved northward in a general direction. The next victim was one William Bruce, who lived on Hardscrabble Creek. He left home for his sawmill a dozen miles distant and never returned. A posse found him on a remote trail. A bullet between the eyes told the story. Next, old man Henry Harkins' body was found near another sawmill up in El Paso County on Fountain Creek, about sixty miles from the site of the murder on Hardscrabble Creek. Death then headed for Ute Pass and the long trail to South Park. Near Colorado City, the fourth victim was added to a mounting list. A man named Addleman, who owned a ranch near the road became a handy victim. His body was left lying in the road near his home.

By this time it seemed certain that the crimes were the result of an insatiable thirst for bloodshed. No attempt to hide the bodies had been made.

Red Hill Pass in South Park, six miles east of the mining camp of Fairplay, was a well-traveled stage road from Denver to the mining camps west. The road on either side of the pass could be seen plainly for a mile or two. It was indeed a likely spot for ambush.

Abram Nelson Shoup, a brother of Lieutenant George L. Shoup, and a man named Binkley came along the pass. Shoup was shot down in his tracks. Binkley received a shot in the shoulder and was able to run some distance before he collapsed. A sharpened pine stick driven into a bullet hole in his head added a sort of maniacal touch.

IT WAS along about this time that Territorial Governor John Evans received a letter—perhaps the most bold and audacious communication ever addressed to a head of state. It was signed "Felipe Nerio Espinosa" and stated in precise English: "We have cut the hearts of twenty-six American dogs so far, but we are willing to forego further slaughter if you will grant me and my followers full pardons and permit us to retain some 5,000 acres we now claim in Conejos County with free use of all adjacent grazing lands; that you will also appoint me and any of my followers I may designate as captains in the Colorado Volunteers. For these things we will desist of further molestation of your subjects. I will give you until the end of September to do these things and if it is not done by then, 574 more gringos will die, including yourself."

The letter quickly solved the mystery of who had been murdering luckless travelers in the area. Upon investigation it developed that Espinosa and his nephew, Victorio, along with numerous relatives, had come up out of Mexico in 1861 and settled briefly in New Mexico from where they eventually moved on into the San Luis Valley, settling on Conejos Creek. Here they began stealing horses and looting freight wagons. They ranged along the Arkansas River, the South Park region and up the South Platte tributaries, killing all the way. Finally, the army closed in on them whereupon they dispersed their forces and disappeared. All told, their crimes had taken forty lives, but Old Esp, as Felipe was called, was modestly admitting to only twenty-six.

But why 574 more lives, as Esp had threatened? The governor soon had the answer from an aide who knew of the gang's history. For every relative of the Espinosas slain by American soldiers during the Mexican War, the Espinosas were pledged to take 100 American lives! The Territory now offered a reward of $2,500 for the Espinosas.

AT COTTAGE GROVE, five miles north of the scene of the Shoup and Binkley murders, the Espinosas lay in wait for their next victim. Soon they spotted a man coming down the trail on foot. He was a Mr. Carter enroute to Fairplay. When he came into range, he was shot and his body quickly dragged back into the trees. They had heard the sound of a wagon. Not far down the trail came a man on an ox-drawn load of lumber. When he drove within short range of the waylayers, a rifle shot rang out and the teamster (a Mr. Metcalf) fell back. Frightened by the shot, the oxen broke into a trot. When safely past the gunmen, who evidently believed him dead with a bullet through his heart, Metcalf whipped his bulls into a gallop. Fortunately for him, he had carried two books in the left breast pocket of his coat. The bullet had struck these! He was the first victim to have been shot at and live. And most important of all, Metcalf had gotten a good look at the culprits from the corner of his eyes.

He drove on into Fairplay and there related his harrowing experience. Metcalf's description of the men might have fit most anyone as seen among the trees, except for three items. The men weren't Indians or Negroes, he said, but looked like white men blacked up. There was a big man and a smaller one. The big man wore a large white felt hat. Men were gathering around Metcalf's wagon as he described his would-be assassins. One man shouted, "Them hombres ain't blacked up. They're Mexicans. We'll get that white hat all right!"

(Continued on page 51)

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

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He Guards the Ghosts

By NELL MURBARGER

Photos from the author.

There's a wealth of history wrapped up in the little cemetery at White Oaks, New Mexico.

ON A SUMMER morning of 1879 a man calling himself Tom Wilson, a fugitive from Texas, wandered into the camp of John J. Baxter, a Missourian who was prospecting for gold in the White Oaks district of New Mexico. Weary and footsore, the traveler was invited to accept Baxter's hospitality.

That afternoon, thanking his host for having invited him for a rest, Wilson started off. "Maybe I'll look for a gold mine," he wisecracked. "If I find one I'll be back."

Just about sundown, Wilson returned. "Well, I shore found it," he said, and dropped some samples into Baxter's hand. The ore was shot through with gold.

"Where'd you find this?" Baxter demanded excitedly. "Man, this is really something!"

Wilson said he had found the ore about a mile from Baxter's camp.

Baxter wanted to go back and stake a claim that night. He invited a friend of his, a man named Jack Winters, to go with them, to which Wilson made no protest.

Before darkness fell, Baxter and Winters had staked their claims, but when it came to staking one for himself Wilson refused. "I got to move on," he said. "If you've got a little change and a pistol, I'll take that to see me on my way."

They gave him nine dollars and a pistol the next morning and that was the last they ever saw of him. It was a small enough reward for a discovery that became the North and South Homestake Mines, the greatest producers of gold in the history of White Oaks.

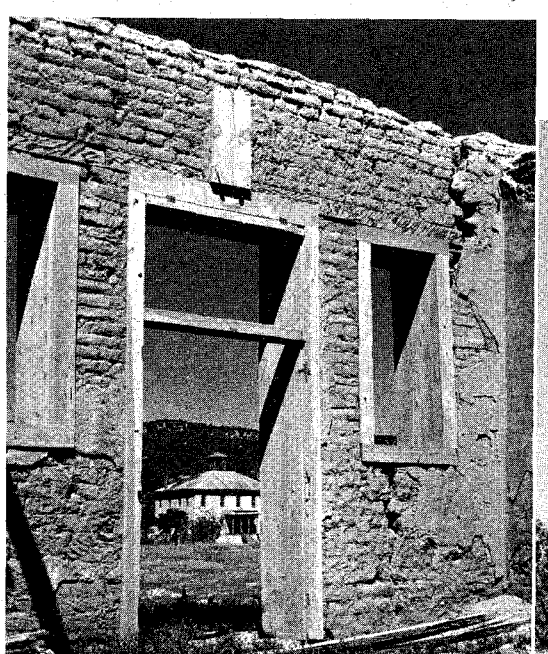
I HEARD THE story in the White Oaks Cemetery of all places! And from one of the survivors of the mining boom, Dave Jackson.

This old cemetery, incidentally, might serve as a pattern for all ghost town graveyards of creation. A few family plots, encircled by grim iron fences; a few engraved slabs of marble and granite; a great many mounds heaped with broken stone; a great many splintered palings fallen in the weeds. Wooden crosses leaning wearily, graves without markers, markers without names and thistles without end.

As I picked my way through the jumble, now and then pausing to scan some aged inscription, it didn't occur to me that I might not be alone in the graveyard until I was startled by the snapping of a twig. Glancing up, I saw approaching me a small man, sun-tarnished and brown-eyed.

"Huntin' somebody?" The weathered face crinkled in an impish grin.

When I explained that my interest in the graveyard was mainly curiosity, the old man introduced himself as Dave Jackson. He said he had followed mining in the vicinity of White Oaks ever since 1897 when the place was booming. During that more-than-half-century he had seen it decline and die; and now, he



The vacant doorway of a White Oaks store building frames the formerly-imposing schoolhouse on the slope beyond.

The impressive mansion, "Hoyle's Folly," overlooks the ruined town of White Oaks, New Mexico.

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was one of the last survivors of the old camp. Along with mining, he said, he was doing what he could to take care of the cemetery.

"No money in the job, but, thunderation!" he grinned wryly. "Most of the folks planted here were friends of mine. Somebody has to look after 'em! Been surveyin' the place for a fence." He jerked his thumb toward a battered transit sitting spraddle-legged in the weeds. "Figgered if we could fence it and pipe water to it, we maybe could have some flowers and grass on the graves so folks wouldn't hate to die so damned bad."

He chuckled. "You'd never believe how many strangers come out here lookin' for their kinfolk! Several years ago a couple of young fellers came out from the East—Boston or some such place. Their grandad and his brother, John and Jim Woodward, had died here in the early days, and they said if they could find the graves they would put up suitable markers.

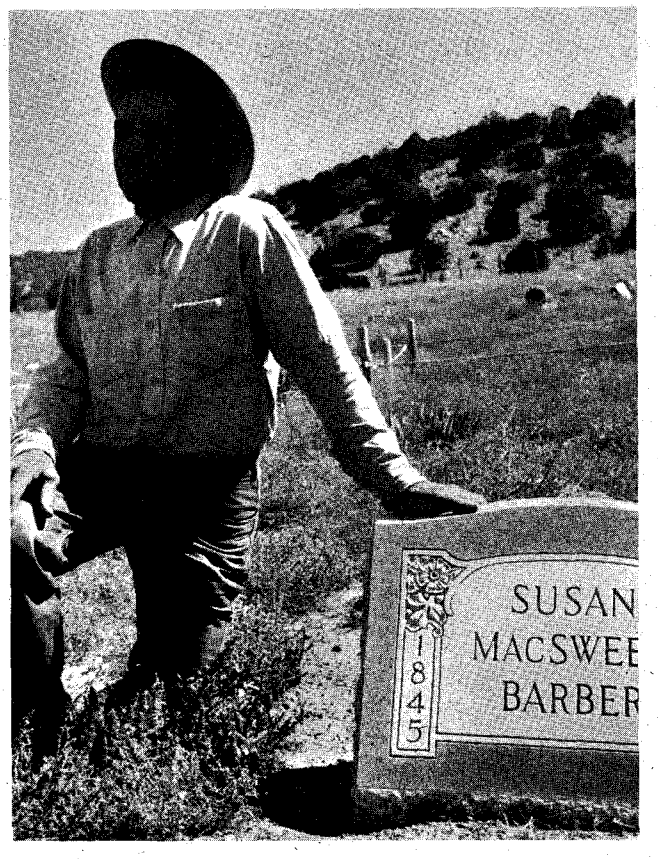
"Well, I showed 'em where we had planted John and Jim. One of the boys said they wanted to use the proper sort of emblems and truck, and did I happen to know what lodge or religion their granddad and great-uncle had followed.

"I said, 'Well, now, boys, I don't rec'lect for certain about their religion, but I can tell you one thing: it was either Colt or Smith & Wesson!

"Guess maybe you've heard of Susan McSween Barber? That's her grave over yonder."

Having delved a bit into history of the Lincoln County War, which had taken place in this same county, I definitely had heard of Susan Barber, whose first husband, Alexander McSween, had been assassinated in that lethal conflict. Surviving the war by half a century, Susan

(Continued on page 48)



David Jackson, last of the boom-day settlers at White Oaks, New Mexico, poses beside the gravestone of Susan McSween Barber, heroine of the Lincoln County War. In 1957, Mr. Jackson celebrated his ninety-seventh birthday. Note spelling on tombstone, even though affidavits, birth and marriage certificates record it as McSween.

The Hewitt Block, most pretentious business structure in the ghost town of White Oaks, was demolished in October, 1951, for the building material it contained.

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The Lost Grizzly Mine

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Ben Smith

Most lost mines stay lost—but here is a man who has experienced the spine-tingling thrill of finding one.

IN LATE NOVEMBER of 1871, during a flurry of snow, a farmer named York living near the Applegate River in southern Oregon thought he heard someone call his name from the barn corral. But when he went out to the corral he found no one.

Worriedly he looked in the haymow and the stable and still there was no explanation of where the voice had come from. Then as he started back to the house he heard it again.

"Here I am, up here on the bluff—Jake Ormond! Come up and get me. I've been chawed up by a grizzly b'ar."

York quickly climbed the trail leading to the top of the bluff and found Ormond so weak he could no longer stand on his feet. His clothing hung in shreds and his body had been raked by the claws of a bear which Ormond called a grizzly. The grizzlies had been pretty well cleaned out of southern Oregon by that year, though a few were known to still range the Siskiyous and it is possible that the animal had been a grizzly, although it more likely was a brown. Ormond was a newcomer from Salt Lake, where he had been a Mormon until thrown out of the church for slandering an elder, and had never seen a grizzly. In Oregon he had turned prospector.

York helped the sixty-year-old man down to the house, noticing all the while that he clung desperately to a flour sack containing something quite heavy.

"Found me a real bonanza," Jake wheezed as he was eased down on a couch. "Dump it out there on the table and see for yourself."

York dumped the sack's contents as directed and stared in wild-eyed amazement. Scattered over the table top were forty-one pieces of pure gold!

"Figure that stuff weighs twenty pounds," the injured man said, "and there's plenty more where that came from. Only thing is it'll be hard for anybody but me to find, so you'd better get me to a doctor quick." The nearest doctor was at Grants Pass, fourteen miles away, so York hitched up his buggy, got Ormond into it and drove as fast as the team would go for town.

The only clue as to where he had found the gold was dropped when Jake said, "I shot that b'ar in the divide on Miller Creek and I only wounded it. Before I could tamp in another load it came for me."

"Was that where you found the gold, on Miller Creek?" York asked.

"No, it was three miles from there. After I dug into the gold I put my sampling pick into the hole and covered it up. That means that if anybody finds it before I get back I can still claim it. That pick's got my initials stamped in it."

The doctor who looked Jake over found that a claw of considerable length had ripped into the old man's innards, inflicting not only a dangerous wound but causing infection to set in. (Today it would be called peritonitis.)

"I'll be mighty lucky if I pull him through," the physician told York.

York returned home that night and the next morning he drove back to town, taking the gold with him. He was told that Jake had lost consciousness during the night and it might be several hours before the crisis came.

Being a farmer, York knew little about gold, so he took the sack of nuggets to the county assayer.

That official looked the nuggets over and suppressed his excitement. "Where'd Ormond say he found this stuff?"

"He didn't tell me," York replied. "Not exactly. Just the general location."

"This is pocket gold, resembling the nuggets they took out of the Steamboat. If I were you I'd hang around that nursing home until old Jake can tell you where he found it. If he dies, it may never be found."

York hurried back to the nursing home and waited. The assayer's reference to the Steamboat pocket which had been found down the Rogue River, near Galice Creek, had little significance for York because the two areas were seventy-five miles apart. What the assayer had meant to convey was that the nuggets were of the same character and purity as those in the Steamboat find, which was fabulous, meaning of course that Jake Ormond likely had stumbled upon another Steamboat.

York's wait was in vain. Jake died that afternoon without regaining consciousness, the victim of a vicious bear, the breed of which remains unidentified to this day. Grizzly, let's say.

The local bank agreed to act as custodian of the gold and paid the funeral expenses. There were no mourners except York and his wife.

Efforts to locate relatives were futile. The bank did learn that Jake Ormond had come out to Salt Lake from Pennsylvania in the year 1846 and had told Mormon friends that he had no kin.

Sent to the mint, the gold's worth was fixed at $4,280, and the bank, after reimbursement for funeral expenses, held $4,200 which was eventually placed to York's credit.

But he would accept none of it for himself. "Split it up among all the churches," he told the bankers. "I wouldn't feel right taking Jake's gold."

LONG BEFORE he reached this decision, prospectors were pouring into the area in search of the Lost Grizzly Mine as it was called. Some came over from Jacksonville, a few from Roseburg and still others from as far away as Klamath Falls.

For ten years the hunt went on. Prospectors came and went and eventually the fever slacked off.

My father, only eight years old at the time Jake Ormond made his find, was thirty years old when I was born in 1893, and he already had spent more than ten years looking for the Lost Grizzly.

I remember he took me with him on a prospecting trip for the first time when I was eleven. At that time we lived at the Mountain Lion Mine which my father had discovered and was operating in a partnership with his brother John and one or two others, including Mr. Jewel, the banker. The mine had a five-stamp mill on it and produced free-gold ore. Later a concentrator was added to trap the fine gold that floated over the amalgamated plates.

Running a quartz mine that never had more than three or four employees at any time enabled my father to take to the hills occasionally with his gold pan, which he always carried in a haversack slung over his shoulder. In his hand he would carry a small prospector's pick and often a long-handled shovel in the other. Frequently he forgot to strap on his old .44 Colt but when I was old enough to go with him, I became its constant custodian.

(Continued on page 41)

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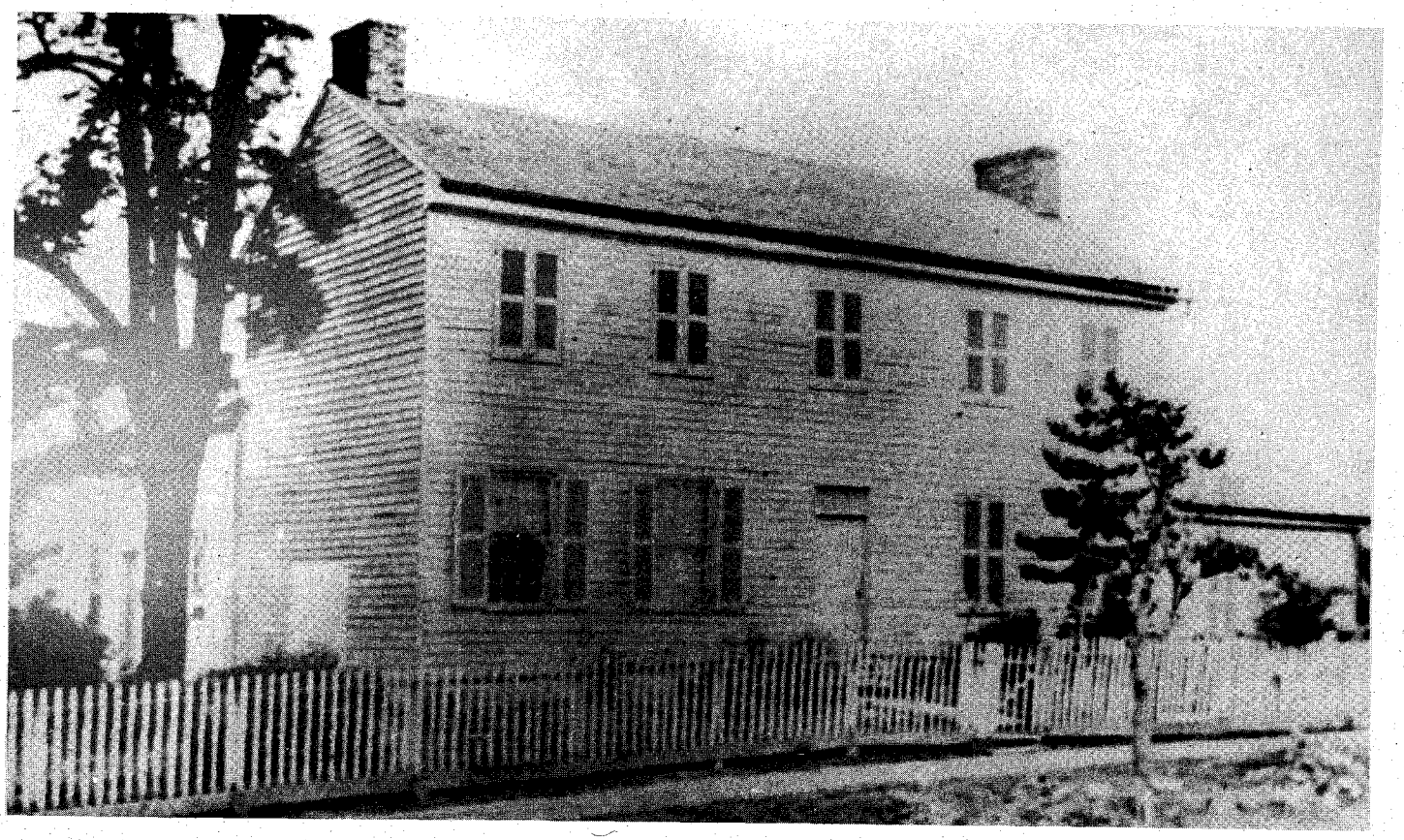
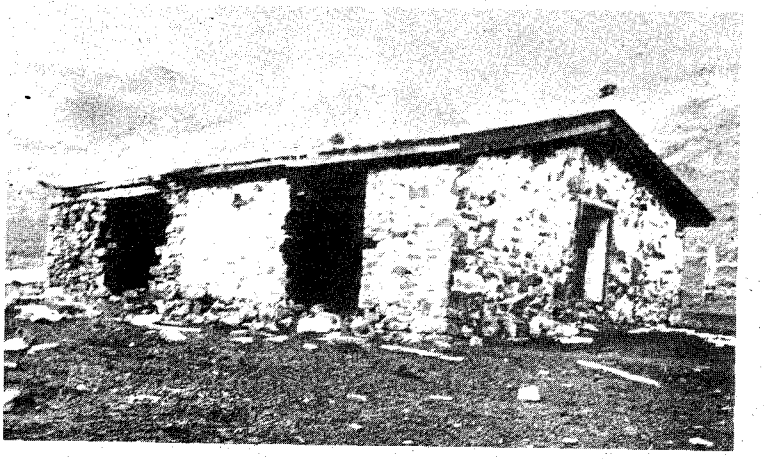
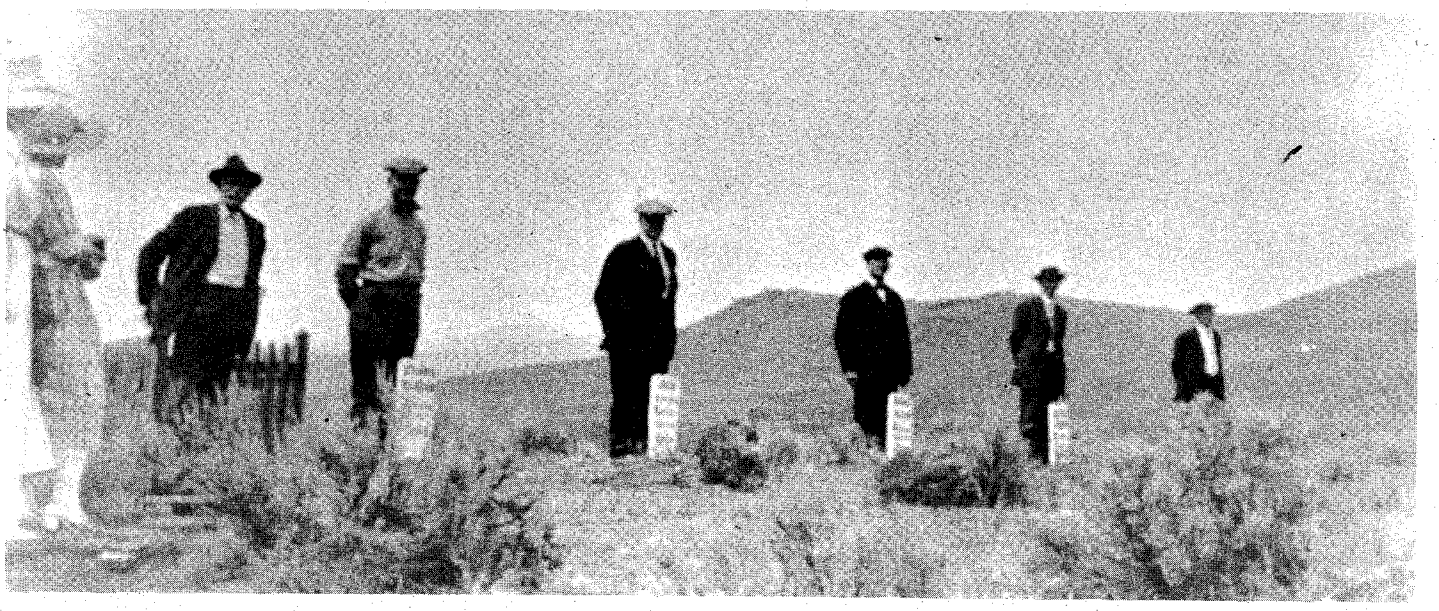


Jack Slade's boyhood home. Erected by his father, Congressman Charles Slade, about 1820 in Carlyle, Illinois. It was demolished a few years ago and only one known photograph exists. Donated to the author by Duane DuComb.



Stone house built by Slade on his Springdale ranch about seven miles from Virginia City. Mrs. Slade was at this house when men were sent for her at the time the vigilantes sentenced Slade to be hanged. The old toll road between Virginia City and the Madison River passed by the house.

Road agents graves in Virginia City.



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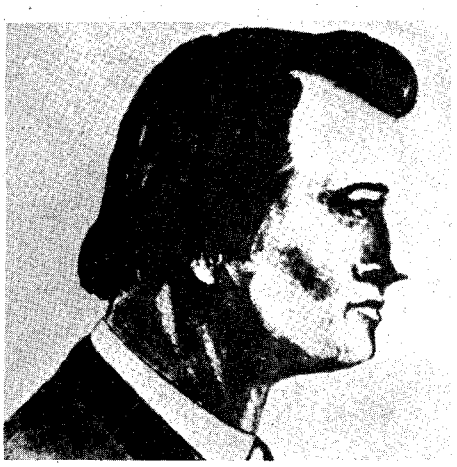
A Pair of Dried Ears

By WILL PRICE

The man who bought drinks with human ears was credited with shooting down twenty-six men, but when it came his time to die he bawled like a baby

THE YOUNG GUNMAN from down El Paso way with the unlikely name of Slim Chance had just about everybody in Sweetwater believing he was the fastest and most dangerous lead-slinger alive. With a couple of drinks under his belt, he was letting off steam in the Trail Saloon when another patron of the place down at the other end of the bar began talking and drawing away Slim's audience.



Jack Slade.

"Now who in hell is that feller?" he asked. "Why's he so important?"

"That's Jack Slade," the bartender said quietly. "Ever hear of him?"

"Can't say's I have, but we're shore goin' to get acquainted."

Slim sidled along the bar. The little knot of men around Slade parted so that the pair faced one another.

"Howdy!" Slade said. "Won't you have a drink?"

"You're sure makin' a lot of noise down here. You must have something pretty big to talk about."

"We have. I'm buying." He reached in his vest pocket and tossed a couple of objects on the bar that looked suspiciously like dried human ears.

Slim peered at them closely. "What are them things for?"

"To pay for your drink, of course. I buy all my drinks with ears I cut off my victims. Right at the moment I happen to be running short of change." He reached over and felt of one of Slim's ears. "But never mind, there's always more where these came from. Drink up!"

It was Slade's pet joke.

Plagued by a chorus of loud guffaws, the El Paso gunman strode from the room and hurriedly rode out of town.

For nearly five years, Slade had carried Jules Beni's ears, tanned and leathery, in his pocket, offering them as legal tender for a shot of whiskey. It was his ace in the hole when he wanted a good laugh.

Slade killed twenty-six men, more or less, during his thirty-five years and, considering that he didn't get started until the relatively late age of twenty-two, he didn't do bad at all. He was hired in 1859 to clean up the toughest stretch of stage line the West ever saw, the Sweetwater Division of the Overland Stage Company, and he cleaned it up so thoroughly that one man said of him, "From Kearny, west, he was feared a great deal more than the Almighty." Such a man was Jack Slade, ruthless, a bad one to cross, a killing man.

JOSEPH ALFRED SLADE marched away to the Mexican War when he was eighteen, returning home to Carlyle, Indiana, covered with honor and glory. The town treated him as a hero until he became involved in the fight that set his path for the rest of his life. He killed his first man in a simple fist fight. Late that night, fearing prosecution, he fled across the Mississippi and disappeared into the wide-open spaces of the American West. There is no record of him for several years, until he turned up as a freighter on the Oregon Trail. Here he killed his second man, this time with a revolver. He next appeared as a coach driver for Ben Holladay's Overland Stage Company. Slade, now rated as a top hand with a gun, enjoyed fighting Indians, outlaws, and generally anyone who looked cross-eyed at him. He became so prolific with a gun that the company officials promoted him to station agent at Kearny.

But the real trouble spot on the Overland then was the rugged Sweetwater Division. Jules Beni, the division superintendent, was as crooked as were the outlaws he allowed to hold up company coaches and, as long as he was in charge, the company didn't stand a chance. Soon the company officials, realizing that Slade's talents were being wasted at Kearny, fired Beni and placed Slade in charge of the Sweetwater. Jules reluctantly allowed Slade to take over, but he vowed that there would never be peace as long as both he and Jack Slade were alive. And he claimed that he intended to correct that as soon as possible.

Slade, as new division superintendent, sent warnings up and down the line that the division was now under new management and that there were to be no more holdups, rustling or other such incidents in the future. The warning was backed up by the brief statement that things would get pretty hot for anyone who broke the rules. Soon, very soon, Slade had to prove his words. After forcing out a rancher who had cheated the company by selling him more brush in a hay stack than hay, Slade captured two stage robbers and promptly hanged them to a gatepost crossbar, without benefit of trial or clergy. Next he hanged two horse thieves. Things quieted down on the Sweetwater then, for the outlaws came to realize that Jack Slade was no man to fool with. Then Jules Beni attempted to make good his threat of vengeance.

While on an inspection trip, Slade made the mistake one day of leaving his guns at a friend's home where he had spent the night. As he toured the station, Jules arrived and dismounted in front of the unarmed Slade. No words passed between them but Jules was not one to pass up an opportunity like this. Pulling his revolver, he emptied all five loads into Slade, but Slade just stood there and looked back at him. Jules, with victory within grasp, grabbed a buckshot-loaded shotgun from his saddle and fired both barrels at Slade. Slade, at last, dropped to the ground and lay still while Jules galloped away.

But Slade was a hard man to kill. The post surgeon was brought from Fort Laramie, nearly 170 miles away. He carved half a handful of lead from Slade's body and still didn't get it all. The patient was sent to St. Louis for treatment and everyone figured they'd seen the last of him. But before long he was back, as good as new, this time in charge of the Rocky Ridge Division, adjacent to the Sweetwater. The Overland officials had deep faith in their chief division superintendent, for the Rocky Ridge was by now just as bad

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The stone was moistened in warm milk and applied to a wound.

MADSTONES and Hydrophobia Skunks

By J. FRANK DOBIE

If you're bitten by an animal with the rabies and have a madstone handy—go see a doctor!

IT IS MOSTLY of madstones applied like leeches to the bites of "hydrophobia cats" and the like that this essay treats.

Until the researches of Louis Pasteur led, in 1885, to successful inoculation against rabies, there was no sure way to prevent a person infected with the rabies virus from succumbing to hydrophobia. Of course, not every infected person succumbed. Just about eighty or eighty-five per cent of human beings are naturally immune to the virus. But even with that knowledge, mighty few people bitten by either a rabid or potentially rabid animal want to risk not being immune. In pre-Pasteur days, the one hope of being saved from a malady more horrible in its manifestations than any other on earth was to get a madstone. Since up to eighty per cent of those exposed could not go mad, because of their natural immunity, the madstone got credit for saving them. It took years for Pasteur's science to supplant the theory and application of madstones. A Pasteur Institute for detection of the rabies virus and for treatment of victims was not established in Texas, at Austin, until 1903.

The madstone, in a way, is a symbol of mankind's enduring credulity, which never turns loose of one phantom without grabbing onto another. Like the world's chief religions, it had its origins in the Orient and in magic. The tourist-patronized snake charmer of India—descended by birth from centuries of professionals—insures himself against a possible cobra bite by carrying a root supposed to have such powerful emetic and purgative effects that it will rid the blood system of venom. Then there is a black stone potent in absorbing poison from any snake bite to which it is applied. This stone is reputed to be spewed out of a toad buried alive. Its properties are magic, like those of the ancient bezoar stone, which was used to defend princes against poison and to call floods down upon enemy armies.

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The bezoar stone appears to have been the primary antecedent of the recently modern madstone.

By the time madstones became popular in America, more in the South and Southwest than anywhere else, the magic element had almost entirely vanished from them. The power to suck poison from flesh and absorb it that

Skunk bites probably spurred more riding to madstones in the Southwest than bites from any other animal.

Illustrated by Ben Carlton Mead

believers ascribed to the madstone was, for them, in the same category of physical laws as the action of a suction pump. One scholar identifies ancient bezoar stones as kidney or gall stones, but, with few exceptions, the most valued and historic madstones of recent times in the United States came from the stomachs of ruminants.

As a boy, I found a "stone" that had been carried by a fat cow butchered on our ranch in Live Oak County, Texas. In shape it was a flattened ball, maybe two inches in diameter, but not more than half that thick. A smooth, speckled-gray, permeable covering of calcium enclosed a compact mass of material that looked like hairs and moss fiber. Not long after this I saw a cracked-open and dried-up "stone" of the same kind near the bleached bones of a cow brute that had died on the range.

There must not have been much demand for madstones in our part of the country at the time; I do not recall much talk of them, but I do recall that some people thought that every cow had such a "stone" as I have described for use as a cud. They supposed that a contented cow would belch up her cud and chew on it for pleasure, very much as people chew gum.

People who claim to know the most about madstones say the best ones come out of the stomachs of white deer. No stone out of a cow could have the virtue of one out of a deer. The deer that had a stone was not always white, but whiteness in a carrier always gave the stone more drawing power. Some scientifically-inclined people suggested that the stone depleted the strength of a deer carrying it and had something to do with the white hairs. One time I saw a white deer, a doe, on the King Ranch. I was with Mr. Caesar Kleberg, a manager, and suggested that the deer be shot and examined for a madstone; he was really more scientific-natured than I am but was not interested in madstones.

THE WAY the stone was used was to moisten it in milk—water could not be trusted—and apply it to a wound. If it did not adhere, the person being treated was presumed not to have the virus. To do any good, it had to stick to the flesh for a long time, drawing the poison out of the wound and absorbing it into its own porous substance. Then it would be put into a vessel of hot milk, and the milk would turn green from the poison being released from the madstone. Some let the milk boil and considered the thumping of the madstone on the bottom of the vessel a good sign. Its pores having been cleansed, it would be applied again to the wound until it no longer adhered.

It was supposed to be effective in drawing out snake venom, but victims of snake bite were seldom within reach of a madstone when bitten, and could not wait to get to one, and had to resort to whiskey or some other remedy. It also was applied to wasp stings, when immediately available.

It was generally considered that a person infected with rabies could not go mad for at least two weeks. Actually the period of incubation varies from forty to ninety days.

A dispatch from Gainesville, Texas, printed in the Galveston *Daily News* of May 3, 1879, reports:

> "A man in town yesterday from the Pan Handle said he had been bitten by a mad dog and had ridden 350 miles in four days and nights, coming here for a madstone. The stone stuck nine times."

Agnes Morley Cleaveland, in her excellent book on ranch life, *No Life for a Lady,* tells of a "haggard-looking man on a haggard-looking horse" riding up to her ranch, out from Magdalena, New Mexico, jerking off his hat, showing her two red marks next to the hairline, and announcing, "A hybie-phobie skunk bit me . . . They say there's a madstone in Socorro! If I can git to it in time! I've been on this horse twenty hours already. He can't make it on."

He drank a cup of coffee, slept two hours and took to the road again on a fresh horse. Back a few days later, he jubilantly described how a milk-soaked madstone had "pulled" the poison out of his head.

SKUNK BITES probably spurred more riding to madstones in the Southwest than bites from dogs, coyotes and other animals. The spotted skunk, or "civet cat" was singled out from the other species (the striped skunk and the hog-nosed skunk) as being especially active in biting. I suppose it was a striped skunk that bit a Mexican girl named Lupe, a house servant on our ranch. It bit her on the toe. I was a child at the time and remember that while there was talk of hydrophobia there was no pilgrimage to a madstone. My mother poulticed the bite with fat bacon and Lupe suffered no ill effects.

It was held that there was two signs of rabies in a biting skunk: it would not loose its hold and it gave off no odor. In 1939 an ex-cowboy of the Staked Plains named V. Whitlock, gave me the following account in manuscript form:

"My brother and I was staying in camp, up on the Plains, sleeping on the ground in a tent. One night he awakened me and told me to light the lantern . . . I saw a polecat with its teeth fastened in my brother's scalp with a death grip. He had the cat around the neck with both hands, also in a death grip.

"We had to pull its hold out by main strength, and then I held it up by its tail and broke its neck with a branding iron. My brother rode to the nearest railroad station to catch a train for Toyah, Texas, where a man owned a madstone . . . It stuck to his wound about twelve hours before it released its hold. The poison was boiled out of it twice before it quit sticking. My brother suffered no ill effects from the bite."

An heired sword could not be divided, but an heired madstone could. Collin McKinney of Kentucky settled in Texas in time to sign the Declaration of Independence from Mexico, after which he served in the Congress of the Republic and had Collin County named after him. The famous Ben Milam, also from Kentucky, who was in Texas before the legalized colonists arrived from the United States, thought enough of McKinney to present him with a third of a madstone, "about the size of a goose egg." The part that Milam kept, whatever its size, was lost in a fire.

Before McKinney died he cut his portion of the madstone into enough parts for each of his children to have a precious piece of it. A son in Collin County in 1875 had a piece only about half an inch square, but it was still drawing poison out of flesh bitten by rabid animals. This McKinney son claimed that in forty-seven years the stone had saved 400 persons from hydrophobia, and had failed to work on only two.

I have never heard of an owner of a madstone who charged outrageously for the use of it. In 1875, one W. M. James of Fannin County was bitten on the leg by a mad dog. He rode at once to the McKinney farm in Collin County. The madstone "refused to take hold"; then the leg began to swell and James to suffer from an "unnatural headache." Again the madstone—this piece out of the original Ben Milam stone—was applied. It adhered to the wound and at once began drawing. McKinney charged James only three dollars for taking care of him and his horse for three days, and for the use of the madstone, which drained off all the poison.

PEOPLE USED to city life with all its mechanical and scientific devices for the body's health and comfort must employ the transporting power of imagination to realize the utter helplessness of a human being away out in the country bitten by a mad animal or a poisonous snake—and also the wish to

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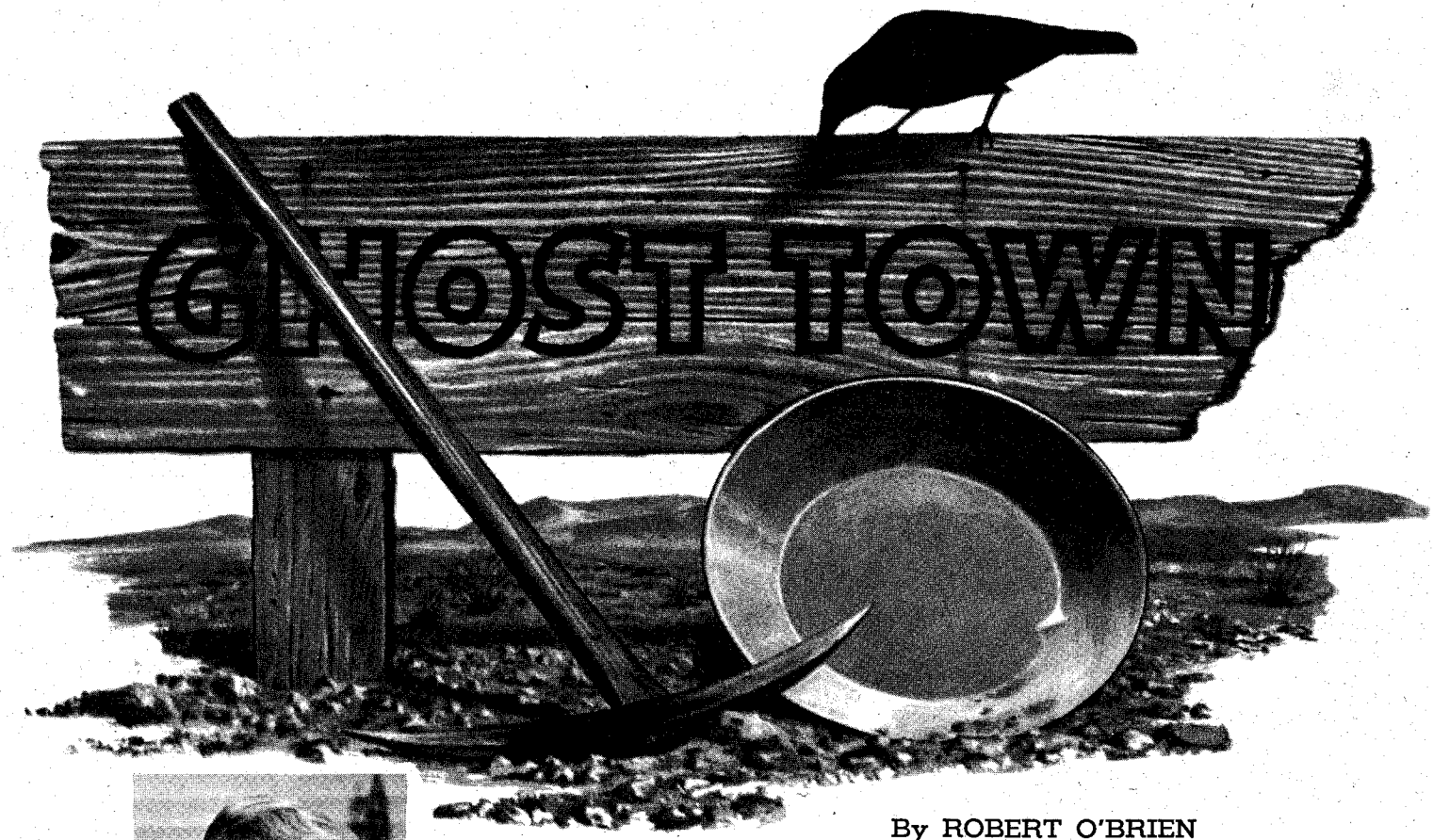
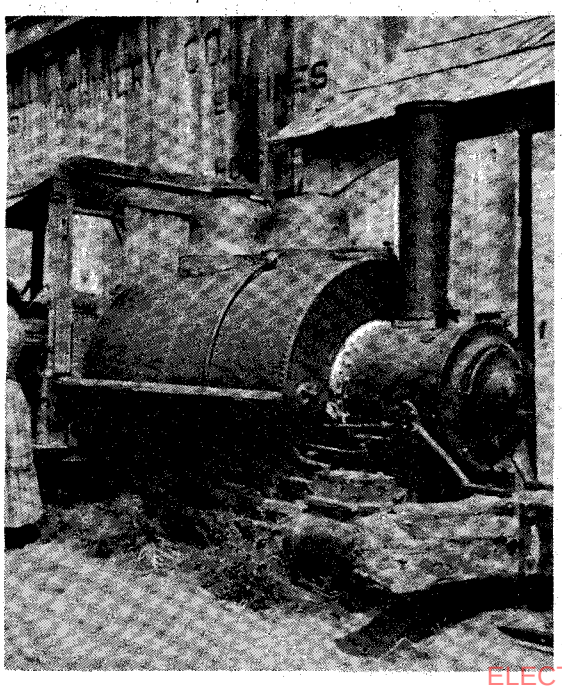


By ROBERT O'BRIEN

Walter Knott.

In Buena Park, California, Walter Knott has created a unique memorial to the pioneers of the Old West—he's bringing back the past.

"Old Betsy" was rescued from the Mojave.



Editor's Note: This is possibly the first time in history that an article has been reprinted from Reader's Digest! It was taken (with permission!) from the October, 1957, edition. You may have read the story but you didn't see the pictures.

EVERY day at the gates of a southern California institution known implausibly as Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town, thousands of Americans check their cares and descend upon a 200-acre illusion inspired by the life and times of the pioneer. Here they lose themselves in the storybook West—a naive world of wilderness and sky, of bad hombres and good hombres, of bowie knives and six-shooters; a world where, when a man needed money, he either held up the Sacramento stage or panned gold dust from the Sierra River sandbars.

Roaring Camp shacks and iron-shuttered brick buildings from Wells Fargo days line the shady streets of this Ghost Town. Pack-laden burros doze at the hitching-rack in front of the general store. Before his false-fronted shop a blacksmith is shoeing a mustang and down the street, in a flurry of ruffles and petticoats, a pretty Mother Lode actress boards a four-horse Concord coach.

Yonder, a narrow-gauge brass-bound locomotive with its rumbling coaches chuffs across the Gold Gulch trestle. A bearded prospector bends to his riffle box by the water wheel, and from somewhere drifts the tinkle of a fandango-house piano. The smell of wood smoke and baking berry pie fills the air.

These, Walter Knott believes, represent roots in time, a stake in history. "The more complex the world becomes," he says, "the more people turn to the past and the simple things in life. Here at the Farm and Ghost Town we try to give them some of these things."

And the Knotts succeed. Last year three and a half million persons visited "the Farm." On summer Sundays 20,000 throng there, dining on fried chicken, steak or pioneer stew, riding a train that is held up by masked bandits, strolling the streets of a make-believe mining camp. And all this only twenty-two miles from Los Angeles.

WHAT it is doing there, and how it grew, is quite a story. When Walter and Cordelia Knott and their four

True West

Condensed from The American Mercury

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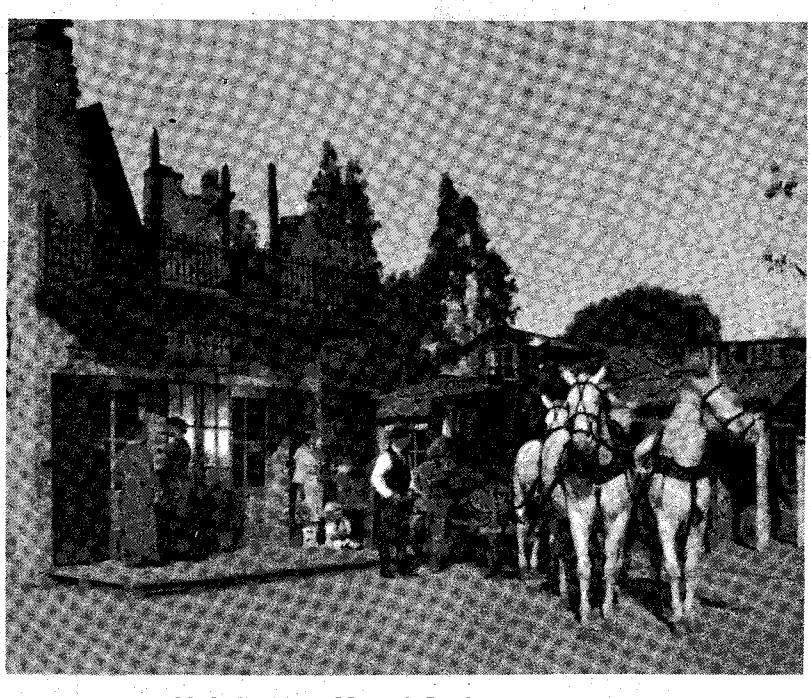
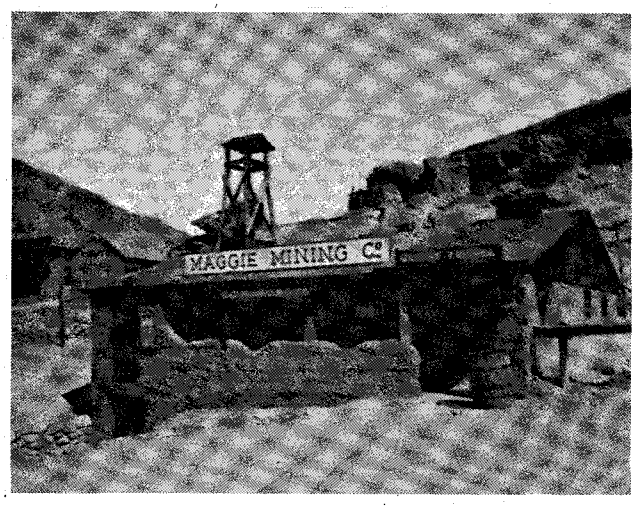


Stage loads gold bullion at Miners' Bank.



Tours of the mine in Calico begin at the Maggie Mining Company.

children—Russell, Virginia, Toni and Marion, all under ten—arrived in Buena Park in 1920, Orange County was farm land. Beet fields and orange groves stretched from the San Bernadino foothills west to the Pacific. Behind the Knotts were years of homesteading in the Mojave Desert and sharecropping in San Luis Obispo County. During these backbreaking years Knott lived by the pioneer terms of self-reliance, of doing the best you can today and trusting in God to take care of tomorrow. He had the pioneer's unquenchable belief in himself, and in the land's bright promise.

Hard work and $2,500 in savings brought the Knott family at last to Buena Park. Knott planted berries, built a roadside stand to market them, and his barefoot children flagged passing customers. Later Mrs. Knott baked berry pies to sell, along with light lunches, hot biscuits and jam. Ultimately they built a tiny restaurant. On opening day Mrs. Knott served eight chicken dinners at sixty-five cents each, on her wedding china. The next day she served ten. Soon customers were standing in line. The children, in their teens now, helped out by waiting on table. It was a family affair, as it still is.

Knott was always tinkering around the farm with a new variety of vegetable or plant. One day a Department of Agriculture man dropped in to ask if he had heard of an Orange County farmer who had cultivated an amazing berry—a cross between a loganberry, a blackberry and a raspberry.

Knott pricked up his ears. "What's his name?"

"Boysen—that's all we know."

"Let's track him down."

They finally found Rudolph Boysen in nearby Anaheim, where he was the city park superintendent. Boysen took Knott and the government man to a ranch he had managed a few years before and showed them six neglected vines. "They're all that's left," he said.

In the Knott Farm's rich soil the vines came back. Knott called their fruit the boysenberry. Three seasons later the yield was $1,800 an acre.

He shared this phenomenal new plant, his root-stock and his skill with growers in every state and fifteen foreign countries. Profits rolled in.

IN 1939 the Knott Farm embraced 100 acres. The restaurant—called the Chicken Dinner—could seat 600, and Mrs. Knott and her helpers—most of them neighborhood housewives—turned out several thousand dinners on a busy Sunday. Russell managed the roadside market; Virginia, Toni and Marion supervised the gift shop.

Walter Knott, then fifty, felt it was time to take stock. He kept remember-

A little foot bridge leads to the Indian Village nestling on a wooded island.

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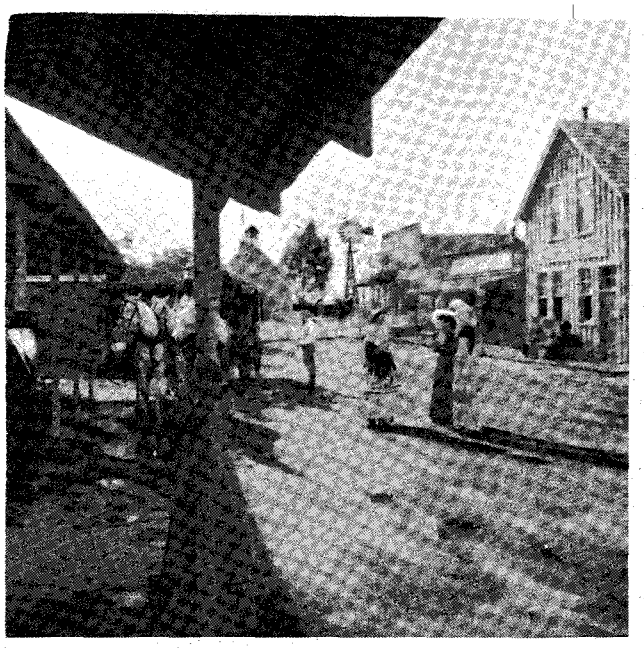
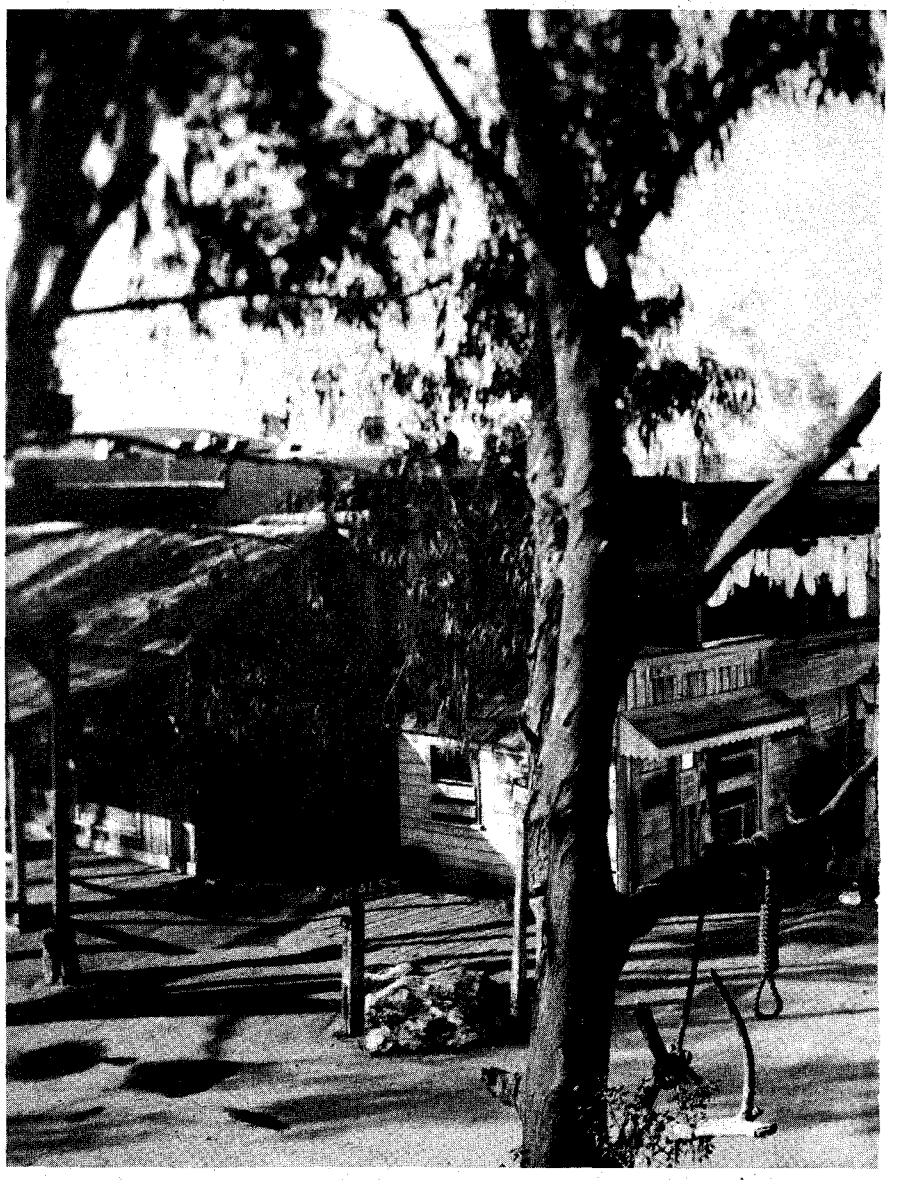


Schoolhouse and Grist Mill are down the street.



Many mining towns had a bottle house.

Justice of the Peace hitches a happy couple.

ing how his grandparents and their baby girl, Knott's mother, had hit the *Spanish Trail through Texas to California* in a covered wagon. He thought of the stirring frontier tales his grandmother had told him when he was a boy.

He also recalled his homesteading years on the Mojave. A few miles from his adobe shack, on Calico ridge, there had been a silver strike back in the 1880's; an uncle of his had grubstaked the prospectors who discovered the Silver King mine. Now Calico camp was a ghost town. Nearby, following the dry bed of the Mojave River, emigrant wagons, like his grandparents', had rocked along; he could see where they had gone, by the twin lines of mesquite that grew in the ruts. Many of the pioneers were sick and exhausted, and their food was low. But beyond the shimmering heat of the desert, the rugged San Bernardino Mountains waited for them. They and their creaking wagons kept on going, and they got through.

Plains-crossers had always been Walter Knott's heroes. He decided to build them a monument. "I will describe a picture," he told an artist friend, "and

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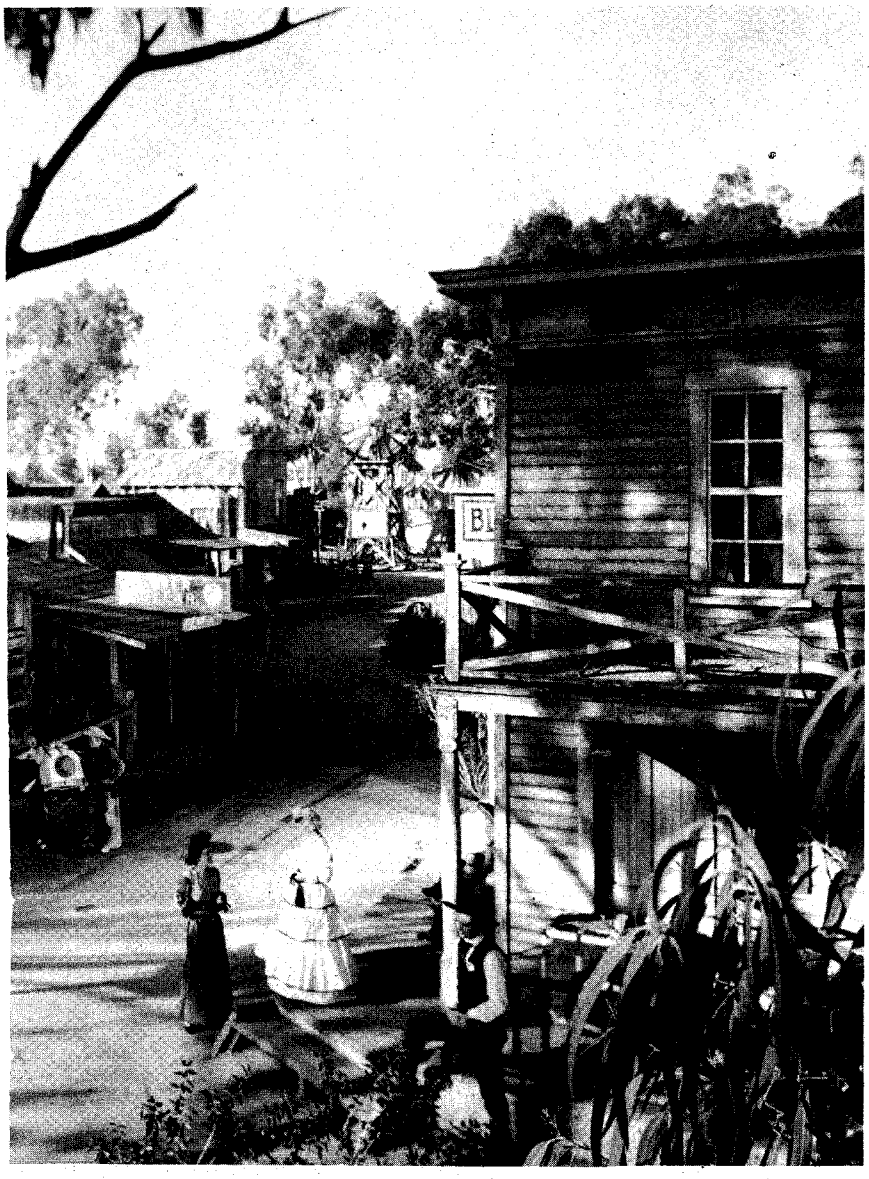
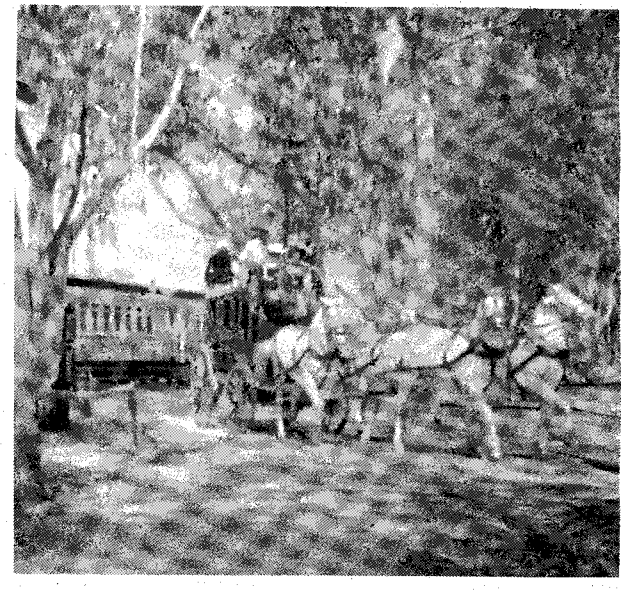


n Street, Ghost Town, where you'll enjoy life as your forefathers lived it.

The Blacksmith is still in business.



Stage Coach meets the Iron Horse.

I want you to make it beautiful and vivid."

The result was a large cyclorama showing a wagon train, the blinding alkali flats it had struggled across, and the distant blue mountains. Lights dimmed to suggest the swift desert nightfall, stars came out; in an accompanying sound effect a little girl whimpered for water. A narrator described the hardships and courage of the emigrants.

It wouldn't be right, Knott thought, to house this spectacle in a new building. He took a trip through the Southwest. Near Prescott, Arizona, he found an abandoned frontier hotel. He had it dismantled, freighted it to Buena Park, reassembled it. There the cyclorama was installed. He found several ramshackle cabins and erected them nearby; around them he grouped old wagons, an ancient stage, discarded anvils. It was all to be free to Chicken Restaurant customers. "We'll call it Ghost Town," he said.

It was ready by 1941. The response was instant and warm. By 1945 the Chicken Restaurant comprised seven dining rooms.

Watch the Sheriff's poker game — but don't kibitz!

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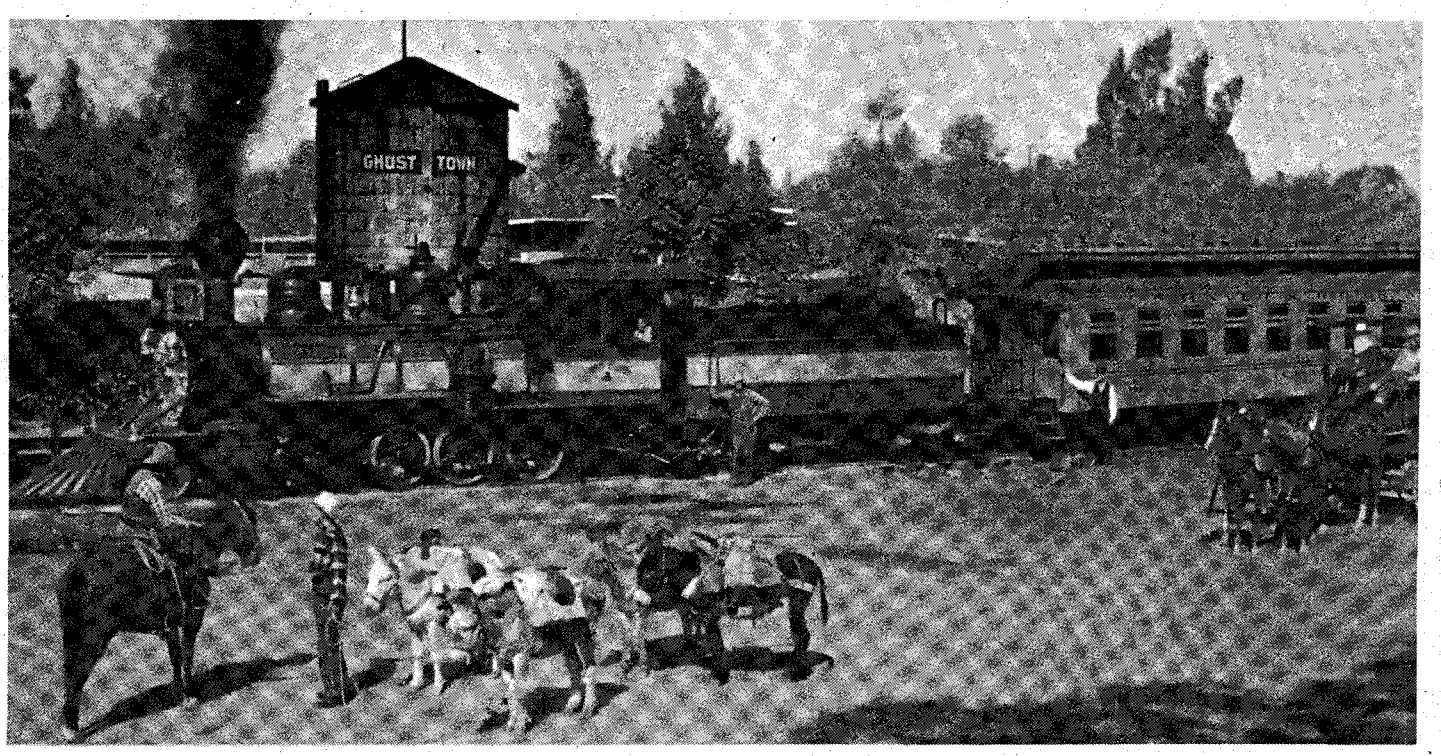


Passengers boarding this train are in for a thrill, including a real train robbery.

"We'll keep on building as fast as we earn," Knott said at the family's weekly business meeting. "We'll pay the help and our taxes, and plow what's left back into the business."

Today the Chicken Restaurant and Steak House seat 1,700 and visitors consume an average of 4,000 chicken dinners a day. Some 270 items—products of the bakery, candy and preserving kitchens, and grist mill—are sold at the Farm.

Permanent employees have increased to 900 men and women. Knott has instituted a profit-sharing plan which last year distributed $167,000 among them.

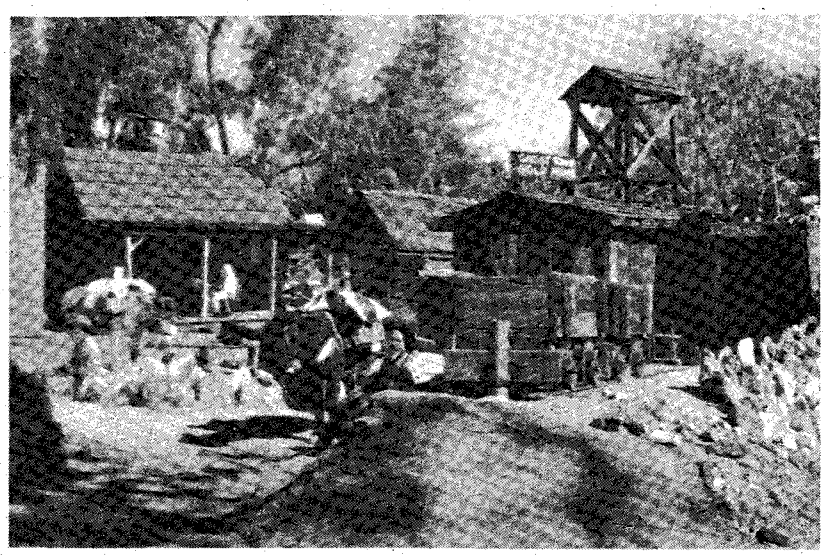
The narrow-gauge Ghost Town and Calico Railway—a mile-long frontier railroad made up of old Denver and Rio Grande rolling stock—carried 625,352 paying passengers in 1956. In all, last year's gross receipts of the various Knott enterprises totaled $9,800,000.

KNOTT, now sixty-eight, is slender, wiry, white-haired—the prototype of the imperishable settler. He speaks with schoolmasterish precision, neither smokes nor drinks (no liquor is served on the Farm). He gives the impression at all times of incorporating into what he is saying an awareness of the direction of the wind, the look of the sky, the season of the year. You know by the ease and economy in his carriage that he could handle a hoe, an ax, a scythe, a team of horses.

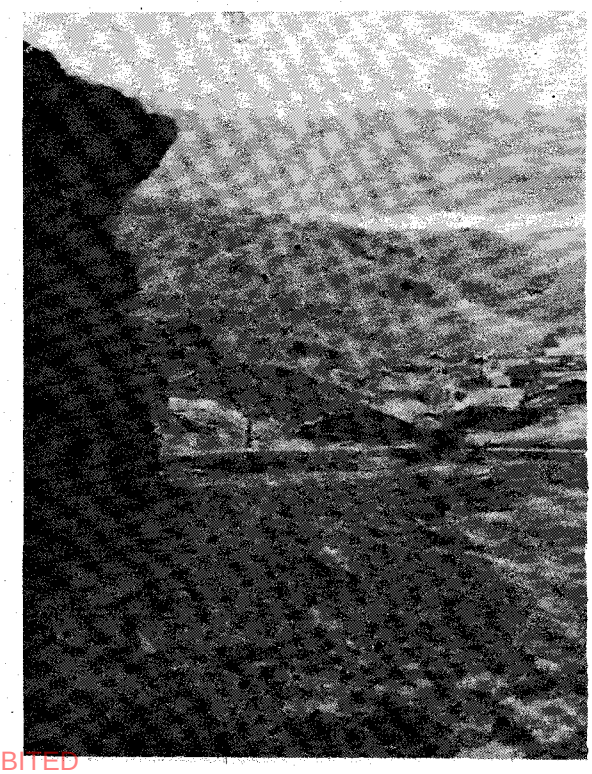
"I tell my children and grandchildren never to depend on money security or property security," he says. "A thousand things can wipe you out. I tell them to work, and learn self-reliance."

Knott has never flagged in his purpose to keep alive the memory of the

U. S. Highway 91 through Ba



Old Prospector at entrance to the Gold Mine.



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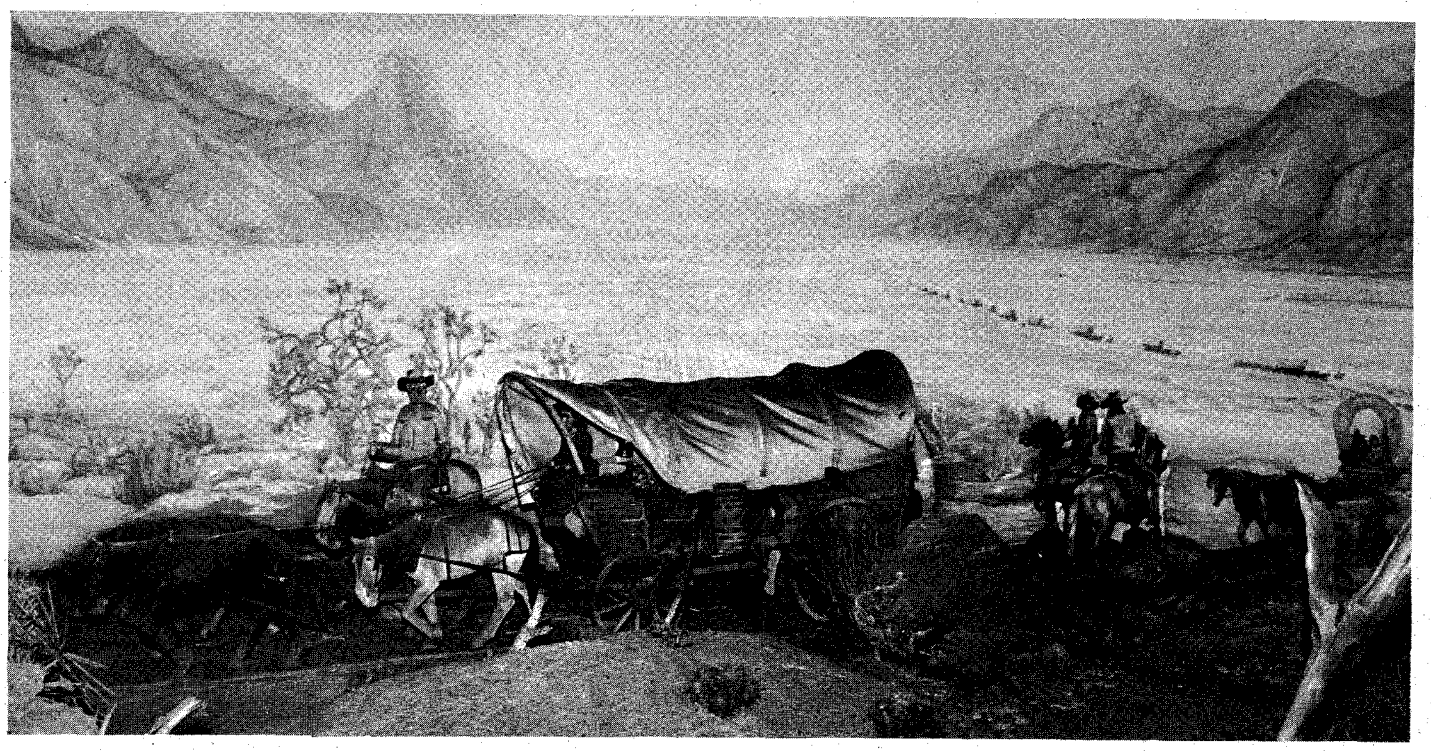

The Covered Wagon Panorama, created by artist Paul Klieben, to honor the pioneers of the Old West. Thousands of visitors agree that it is the most outstanding feature in Ghost Town.

pioneers. In 1950 he went back to Calico, prowled among the weather-worn buildings that still clung to the mountainside and came away with an idea. At the next meeting of the family Knott announced, "We'll restore Calico as a monument to a great Western institution—the mining camp."

"It's the craziest thing I ever heard of," said Mrs. Knott. And the others agreed. Why get involved with a collection of kindling wood 130 miles out in the desert?

Knott said, "I think I'll do it anyway." He bought the site of Calico—seventy acres—for $13,500. He installed water and electricity. Workmen began rebuilding the original camp on the basis of old-timers' recollections and maps. By last March and the opening of Calico House—a restaurant capable of serving 600 meals a day—twenty exact replicas of the old boom camp buildings lined the streets.

Knott stood on the Calico House veranda one bright afternoon not long ago. "We're going to put up cabins for people to stay," he said. "This is beautiful country. My grandchildren will stand here someday and look around at all the buildings and sight-seers and say, "How do you suppose the old man ever thought of this one?"

He gazed across the desert to where he'd homesteaded for those bitter years, and his keen eyes caught the twin lines of mesquite along the old emigrant trail.

"We don't always have the real thing for the people," he said. "But it makes them remember the real thing. That's what's important."

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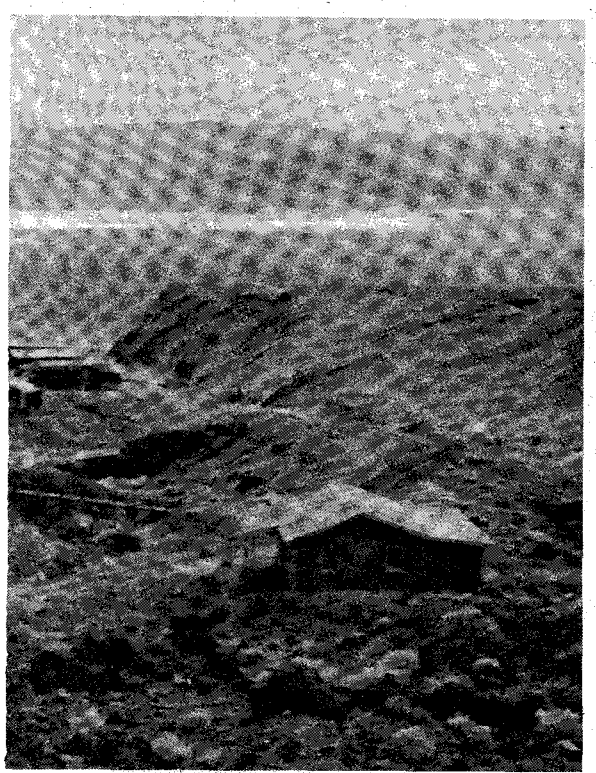
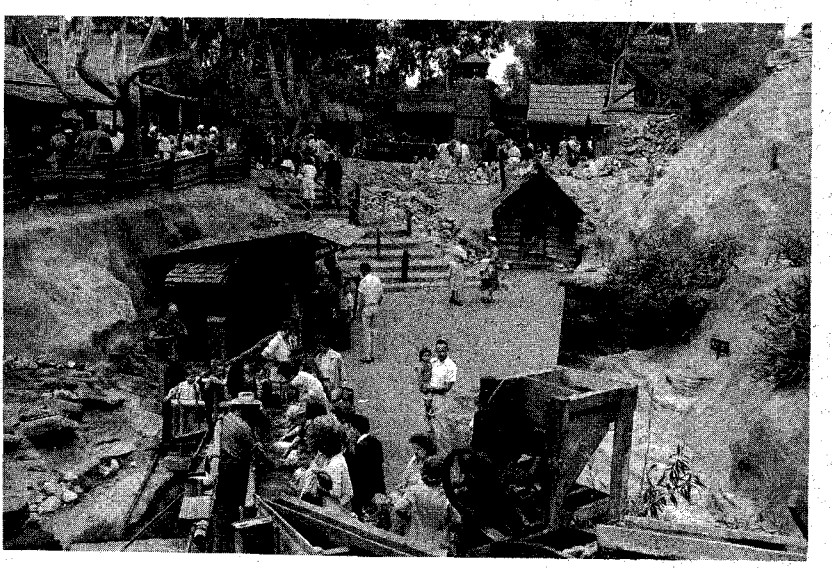
ds to the Ghost Town of Calico.





Panning for gold at Knott's is easy, once you get the hang of it.

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"On no account will you cross Lodge Trail Ridge!" the Colonel had ordered. But the ambitious Brevet Lieutenant Colonel thirsted for action. He disobeyed orders and led eighty men into

The Valley of Death

By SAMUEL STANLEY

Illustrated by George Phippen

THE KIDS chasing each other around the parade grounds of Fort Phil Kearny were playing a game—soldiers and Indians. Their fathers played the game almost every day. They played it for keeps.

Suddenly the children halted and stood watching the top of Pilot Hill, outside the fort, where the picket was riding back and forth at a furious gallop. The time was 10:30 a.m.; the date December 21, 1866. The children would long remember this day. Afterwards, they seldom played that game again.

"Indians!" shouted the older boys. "Real Indians, fellows!" The picket was signaling an attack, as they well knew. On the lookout tower above headquarters the alarm bell clanged. In the distance the snowy peaks of the Big Horns glistened in the morning sun.

Around the parade grounds off-duty soldiers and a few civilians gathered in anxious little groups. Wives whispered together while grizzled scouts—among them the veteran Jim Bridger—swore and spat tobacco juice.

"Them devils are after the wood train again," muttered the scouts. That morning a woodcutting party from the fort had gone out to a pine grove near the mountains. An armed escort had gone with the choppers. Indians were always lurking nearby. This was to be the final trip for a winter's supply of wood.

The bugle sounded "Boots and Saddles." Quickly men sprang from everywhere, buckling on their cartridge belts and sprinting for the corral. Horses were already saddled and waiting—this was a standing order. Cinches only had to be fastened. Five minutes later a relief party of seventy-seven soldiers was mounted and ready.

Colonel Henry B. Carrington, the post commander, hurried from his office. He was a quiet-mannered man, with more of the air of a college professor than a military leader.

"Major Powell," he said to a waiting officer. "You are in command and will confine your mission to rescuing the wood train. You will not pursue the Indians farther."

Just then a tall, blond officer with a drooping moustache stepped forward. He was Captain William Fetterman, who had been at the post only a month. At thirty-three he was known as a distinguished soldier, having been brevetted for gallantry at Murfreesboro and Jonesboro during the Civil War. Affable and fond of social life, he was popular with everybody.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "I am senior to Major Powell." (He was in fact a brevet Lieutenant Colonel.) "I want to command this force."

The colonel looked at him for several moments. Fetterman, he knew, was also a hothead who thirsted for action. Already, this captain had been in one sharp fight that might well have been his last. Two weeks before, when another wood train was under attack, Fetterman, with thirty-seven troopers, had been sent to bail it out. The Indians retreated. Fetterman had chased them five miles to the brink of an ambush behind Lodge Trail Ridge, where the timely arrival of Carrington, with reinforcements, had saved all but two of the men. The colonel, at least, had learned a lesson. Red Cloud, leader of these Sioux, was a foxy strategist.

But Fetterman was eager for a scalp; he'd often said so. Lately he'd been boasting that "with eighty regulars I could ride through the whole Sioux nation." Still, his claim to seniority was sound and he should be given another chance.

"Very well," said Carrington finally. "It's your command. You heard my orders to Major Powell—you will follow them exactly. And remember this." His voice grew sharper. "On *no* account will you cross Lodge Trail Ridge. Is that understood?"

Fetterman saluted and hopped into the saddle. Two civilian scouts, Wheatley and Fisher, decided this was also their chance for a scalp and quickly joined the party. At the last second another officer, Captain Fred H. Brown, insisted that he needed excitement too. He fell in jauntily beside Captain Fetterman and Lieutenant C. R. Grummond, who was second in command.

The force now totaled eighty-one men—three officers, two civilians, plus seventy-six enlisted personnel, of whom twenty-seven were Second Cavalry and the rest mounted Eighteenth Infantry. Dust clouds lifted behind them as they spurred for the main gate.

While the column was forming Colonel Carrington had strolled over to wait for it at the exit. Now, as the troopers clattered through, he shouted a last warning to Fetterman.

"Do NOT cross Lodge Trail Ridge!"

THE HEAVY, pine log barrier slammed shut and the colonel, with a business-like stride, headed for the lookout tower. Halfway there he paused long enough to order a surgeon, Dr. Hines, to catch up with the group. The thought of asking for medical aid hadn't occurred to Fetterman.

Through his binoculars Carrington watched the column's progress. The scene of the attack was somewhere to the west, between the pinery and the fort. But his captain wasn't taking that direction. Instead, the men splashed through Big Piney Creek, then cut

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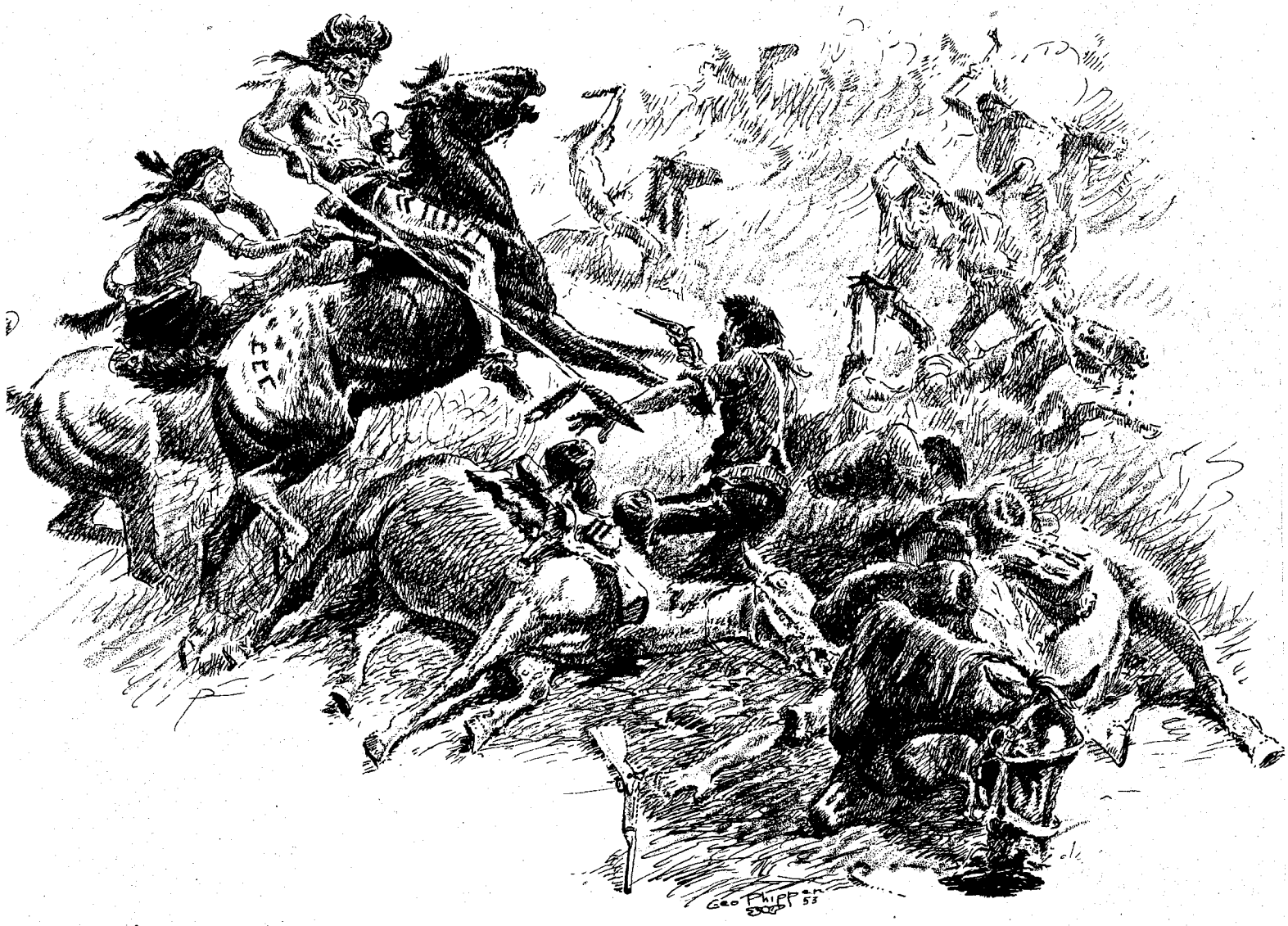

At a signal the Cheyennes and Sioux had risen like a tide, swarming over the hapless white men and erasing them forever.

northward around the bare, low-lying Sullivant Hills. Perhaps, thought Carrington, this was a smart move. This way, Fetterman might surprise the Indians and trap them between him and the wood train, with its sizeable guard. The riders were strung out in single file, dark specks against a carpet of grey-green. Steadily, they pushed onward.

There was no real reason to worry. Relief parties always beat off these attacks, often without losing a man. The Indians never appeared in strength. So lightly had Carrington taken the threat, he'd never even scouted them enough to know how strong they were.

Fort Kearny guarded the Bozeman Trail through what is now Wyoming. Laid out the previous September, the fort was still not quite finished, except for its massive pine walls. The soldiers were occupied mostly with construction. Life was routine, sometimes even gay. The Indians were content with tormenting the woodchoppers plus an occasional nuisance raid on emigrants to the gold mines of Montana. But the Bozeman Trail cut through the heart of the Sioux's best hunting grounds. For that the paleface-hating Red Cloud had sworn a vengeance.

The relief party had been out just over half an hour. Meantime a few redskins skulking near the fort were scattered by a burst of case-shot, from the battery of four twelve-pound howitzers. (The Indians were greatly in awe of this weapon, which they spoke of as "the gun that shoots twice.") Now Fetterman in his circling move was approaching Lodge Trail Ridge. The troops fanned out as skirmishers.

This was a curious maneuver. Fetterman was supposed to be hurrying to the wood train and, by the route he had chosen, still had five miles to go. At this point, why was he deploying his men?

The colonel, lips parted in impatience, hunched over his binoculars. In the bright sunshine those tiny figures, sharply clear, were like a dark fringe below the ridge. Without a pause they crept higher and higher until at last they reached the crest and then—disappeared behind.

The colonel swore softly. It was not like him to swear at all, but this was disobedience of an order. He put down his glasses and began a restless pacing across the platform of the tower.

Ten minutes passed. Suddenly, from behind Lodge Trail Ridge, the crackle of gunfire erupted. The volume swelled. For a hectic three-quarters of an hour it rose and fell again. Then as suddenly as it started the firing stopped.

Silence lay quivering. A rider appeared, galloping furiously toward the fort. It was Surgeon Hines. The gate swung open and a moment later he flung himself from the lathered horse.

"Sir, Fetterman is surrounded back of Lodge Trail Ridge!" he panted, hurrying up the steps. "There's at least a thousand Indians around him. I couldn't possibly get through."

Colonel Carrington stiffened. No such massing of enemy strength had been thought possible.

"How about the wood train?" he asked in a low voice.

"It's all right. I went there first. The Indians had left the train. Fetterman must have seen them somewhere and tried to cut them off."

Time was vital now. Hidden by that bare ridge, some six miles distant, a

(Continued on page 53)

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The Greatest Medicine Man

By EVE BALL

His followers believed that the great Apache, Geronimo, had a special God-given Power.

I SAT quietly among them—those last followers of Geronimo. Each face around me mirrored the wisdom of a man who had known the tragic sorrows of a glory that was fading. I had told them—Asa Daklugie, Jasper Kanseah and James Kaywaykla—that I had come to find out for myself about the great Apache chief, Geronimo, and the Power he had. The Apaches were very reticent on the subject of their Medicine, but I knew that if I let them do the talking, I'd fulfill my mission. So I waited. Finally, Asa began to speak.

"Geronimo was a brave man, but all Apaches were brave. Like him, they fought for their families, their tribe, and the land Ussen had made for them. Others may have equalled him in military strategy, but except for my father, Juh, nobody else had such Power. It was his Power that enabled him to carry on the fight against seven thousand troops of the United States, and perhaps half that many in Mexico. It was his Power that enabled him to wage the unequal battle with a handful of men."

"I can never remember more than thirty-seven at one time," said Kanseah, last living warrior of the Geronimo band. "He was my uncle, and my only living relative. He took me from the San Carlos Reservation when I was a small boy. I was born on Cochise's Reservation. The White Eyes took it away from the Chiricahua and drove us like animals to the terrible desert of the Gila. I, myself, remember seeing Cochise. Yanosha was a Chiricahua, and one of the bravest of the warriors. He took me under his protection and trained me to become one. I was with Geronimo all the way through until we were taken to Florida."

"And I, only part of the time," said Daklugie. "My father, Juh, was the Nednhi chief and his territory was in Sonora and Chihuahua, in the high Sierra Madre. It was there that Geronimo visited us and married his sister, Ishton, to my father. Ishton means not any woman, but The Woman. My father had other wives but he loved her and relied much upon her judgment. So did Geronimo.

"It was well-known that the women of Geronimo's family sometimes lost their lives giving birth to children. That did not prevent their marrying. Geronimo was afraid for his sister, and he risked his life to slip into her camp near Fort Bowie when I was born. For four days and nights he made medicine for her. He gave her the herbs used by our people in such cases. He sang and prayed to Ussen so that her life might be spared. And when I was born and he saw that his sister would live, he climbed high on the mountain back of Fort Bowie to give thanks to Ussen. Apaches did not grovel on their knees before their God. They stood with uplifted arms facing Him.

"And Ussen spoke to my uncle. Geronimo heard Him very plainly—a voice in his ear, just as distinct as the ones you hear from a telephone. The voice told him that he was not to be killed by any weapon, but was to die a natural death when he had attained a great age."

"This Voice?" I questioned.

"It was that of Ussen, Creator of Life. He still speaks to the Apache. He speaks to any who have the faith to ask and to listen. When we reach a fork in the road and do not know which trail to take, we have only to ask and He guides us. He would do so for the White Eyes had they not got so far from Him that they no longer believe in Him.

"Geronimo did not speak of this Power, but his people saw the effect of it in his leading them through perils; they saw it in the remarkable cures he effected for the wounded and the ill. They saw it in the way he welded a handful of men into a fighting force that was never captured, though they were hounded by an army of troops. He would never have surrendered had it not been that the wives and children of several of his seventeen remaining warriors were already in Florida. He was promised that if he would give up they would be reunited with their families within a few days. Of course, that was just another White Eye promise—and all their promises were lies."

"And he was a Medicine Man?" I asked.

"Every great chief was a Medicine Man. Cochise taught Tahzay his knowledge of the country, of the trails, the sources of water, the secret caches, and above all, the knowledge of the healing art. That includes the religious rites as well as the herbs. These things he did not impart to Naiche, his younger son, because he wished him to be faithful and loyal to Tahzay. But the young chief was taken to Washington in 1876 by Mr. Clum, Agent at San Carlos. There he died. To this day the Apaches believe that their young chief was poisoned.

"Naiche was too young to assume the leadership of the Chiricahua, even had he been groomed for the job. So my father, Juh, took over, and he led them efficiently and well until his death by drowning. Then Geronimo became leader. Neither was ever really elected to the position. But the Chiricahua accepted their leadership. Even Naiche did not resent it, but fought bravely and well with Geronimo. It took a man to lead those Apaches! They weren't like these dull apathetic young men of today—cringing before the Indian Agents because they want to have an easy job to keep them from having to work for a living.

"I, too, am a Medicine Man," continued Daklugie. "Geronimo chose me as his successor and taught me the things I needed to become a wise and efficient leader when he was gone. He forced me to go to Carlisle because he knew that if we were ever to cope with the treachery and deceit of the White Eyes we must learn their techniques.

"They took Jasper and me to Pennsylvania, along with about 130 others. Jasper was always small and they may not have known that he had been a warrior. I was about sixteen, but six

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feet two, and my hair came to my knees. I had never worn anything but breech clout and moccasins, and I had to submit to the humiliation of having my hair cut. How was Ussen to recognize me without my hair? And I had to wear trousers. Worst of all I had to see about a hundred of the little Chiricahua band buried in the cemetery at Carlisle. Had I the Power I might have been able to save many of them, but I was not permitted to see them even . . . just their bodies in their caskets."

"They took me to that hospital, too," said Kanseah. "But I fooled them. I didn't take their medicine. And I didn't die."

Jasper Kanseah.

"I thought of the cures my father had effected," said Asa Daklugie, "and that my uncle had made. I thought of the time that we fled from San Carlos —ninety miles to Mexico—and of how we left at sunset and the break of dawn found us two hours from the border. My uncle stopped and made medicine with the cavalry at our heels and the women and children struggling desperately ahead. He prayed. Ussen held back the light until every last woman and child had crossed safely. He asked no odds for the men—they could fight their way through. And they did.

"My uncle was wounded several times—all severe wounds. But he did not die. He bound the fleshy side of a split leaf of the prickly pear to the wound, and it never even got sore. I saw him do that for others. Once a man came to our camp with an arrow through the upper part of his chest. It had entered from the front, and had not penetrated the lung. He had cut off the feather end and tried to force the stick on through. He could not reach the point, so he could not remove it. Geronimo withdrew the arrow, and applied the prickly pear to each opening. He bound the leaves with buckskin, and next morning the man rode with us.

"Jasper will tell you what happened at San Antonio. I was not with the

(Continued on page 54)

Smithsonian Institution

Above: Geronimo and daughters Eva (right) and Agnes. At left: Asa Daklugie, taken when he was eighty.

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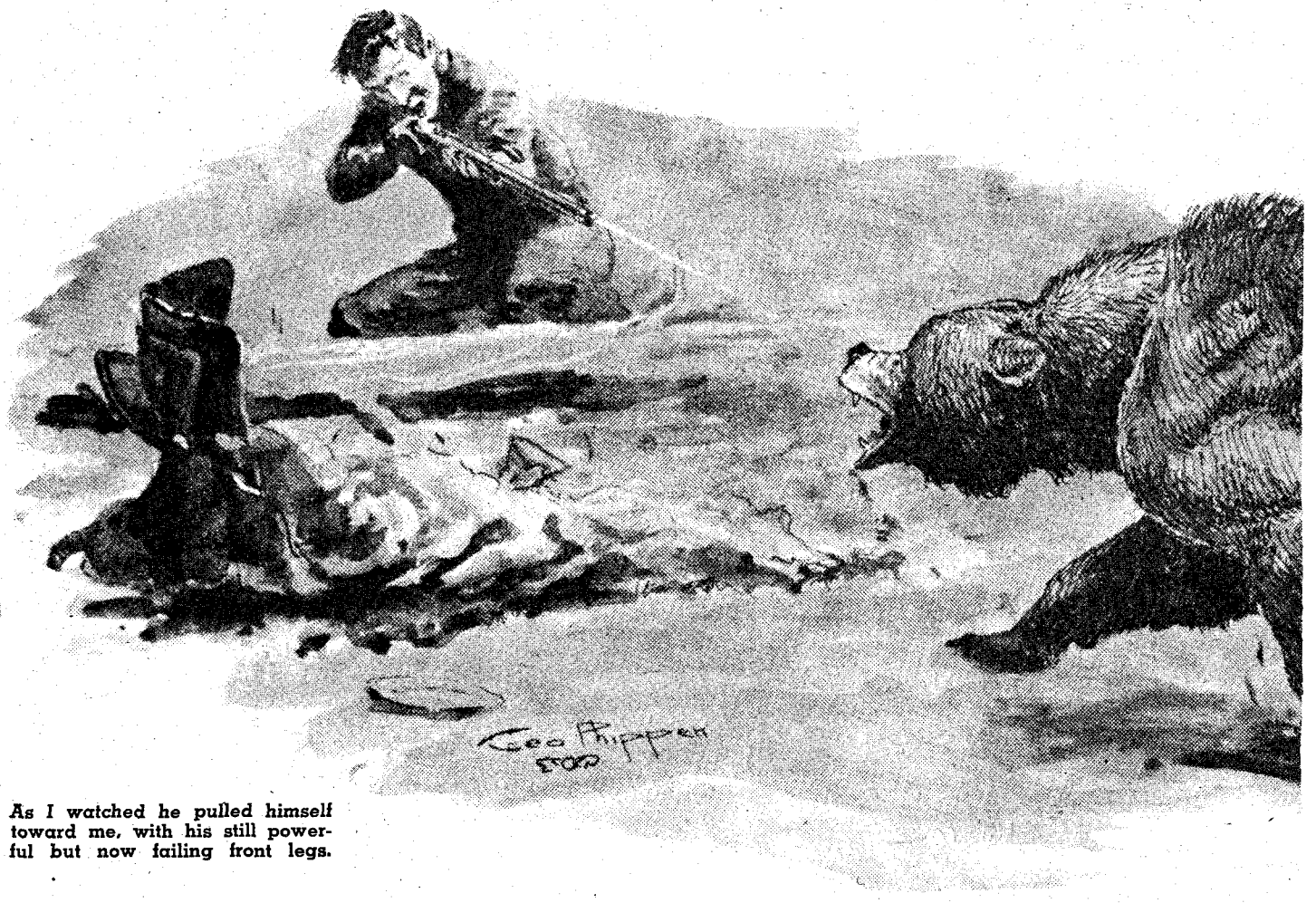

As I watched he pulled himself toward me, with his still powerful but now failing front legs.

I Tackled a Grizzly Wit

By CHA

THE SHEEPHERDER'S camp looked like a tornado had twisted through it. The wall tent was ripped and lying on the ground. Many of the spreading ropes were broken. The tent poles were knocked down. Every can of the herder's stock of groceries was gashed open, and flour from slashed sacks had whitened the ground for yards around. Scraps of wrapping paper were all that was left of a slab of bacon. But what had me standing there with my mouth open, was the sheet-iron tent stove, fire still in it, wrapped halfway around a pine tree some six feet from the ground! I'd had enough experience with grizzlies to know that a mad renegade bear had worked this havoc, but that stove had me puzzled. Then I figured out what had happened.

Evidently the sheepherder had built a roaring fire early that marrow-freezing morning, just before the grizzly had charged the camp. The old sorehead bear had evidently touched the red-hot stove, and it had burned him. So, with one furious swipe of his almost unbelieveably powerful forepaw, he had sent it sailing through the air and up against the tree, with enough force to clinch it around the trunk!

A camp-robbing bear can leave a lot of damage behind him, but this job on the sheepherder's camp on the Big Piney in Wyoming was the most thorough I'd ever seen.

I knew the bear, or thought I did—a big grizzly sheep-killer and camp robber that we'd been hunting for two years.

Whenever a killer bear of his type turned up, the U. S. Biological Survey (now the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service) loosed professional hunters on its trail. I was working for the Survey as a wolfer—a profession I followed for twenty-nine years. It took me through all the western states in pursuit of renegade wolves. That's why I happened to be there in Wyoming in the early spring of 1921, when I had my closest call with a grizzly.

I'd just moved my outfit onto the upper Mickelson Ranch on the Big Piney the day before, and had made one scout through the country for wolf sign. I'd passed the sheepherder's camp on the way back to the home ranch that first day—the day I lost the ammunition for my .30-.06.

Before going out the second morning, I borrowed a .22 Hi-Power Savage and five rounds of ammunition from the ranch foreman. I figured it would be all I'd need until I really settled down to hunting wolves, and by that time I'd again have cartridges for my .30-.06.

I hadn't expected to ride up on the sheepherder so early that morning, but halfway down the trail to the woollies camp, my horse shied at something coming around the bend, and the sheepherder came in sight.

He was sobbing for breath. Sweat streamed from his face in spite of the cold February morning, and in spite of the fact that he was coatless and hatless. He'd really left his camp in

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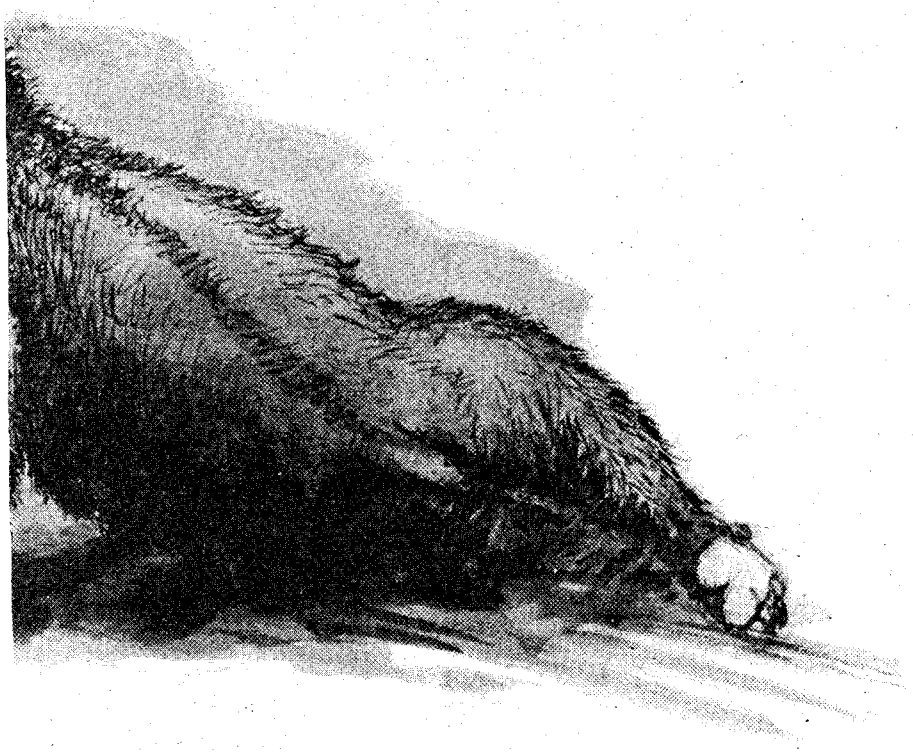

The infuriated beast let out a bawling squeal when I put the fourth bullet into his ear. Fear had me by the throat as I squeezed off the last shot when he was hardly more than a rifle-length away—

Illustrated by George Phippen

a .22 Hi-Power!

C. NIEHUIS

a hurry! It took me five minutes to calm him down and get out of him something about a big bear. By that time he'd regained his breath, and left me, running up the trail toward the home ranch.

I RODE ON, and came upon that scene—stove-wrapped tree and all.

The bear had left tracks twice as wide as a big man's hands. They wove back and forth through the flour strewn on the ground. Cans of food, nearly bitten in two, were scattered everywhere, but that sheet-iron stove clinched around the pine was what got me. It was proof of the outlaw's strength and fury. He was a bad one!

I tied my horse and began circling the camp, cutting for his sign, until I found where he'd left, taking a dim game trail up through the thickets.

There, in the damp earth, I had a chance to study his footprint, and recognized the old scoundrel that we'd been after the two seasons before. Evidently the monster bear had just come out of hibernation, was hungry and on the prowl.

He'd hit the herder's camp plenty starved—which doesn't make for a friendly attitude on the part of any animal. It was plain that when the stove had burned him he'd really gone berserk.

The grizzly was still mad when he left the scene of his raid by way of the game trail. I could read it in every step he took. The big claws that are so much a part of the grizzly bear's foot and mark his track, distinguishing it from all other bears, were extended to their limit. Every footprint showed the pent-up anger in the brute.

I was wearing pacs, and so moved silently up the trail, following the bear's spoor. This was my chance to get the outlaw, the best one I'd had in what was now three seasons of hunting for him. With that thought, I remembered my own rifle lying on my sleeping bag. Had I been choosing, the .22 Hi-Power I had in my hand was hardly the arm I'd have picked as a partner for facing a grizzly. But with the other odds in my favor, I gambled that I could shoot straight enough when the crucial moment came.

I had spent my life hunting wild animals; wolves, mountain lions, the common black bear, and many grizzlies, so I had no fear of them—just a wholesome respect. I could call my shots on a running animal with my .30-.06.

The only qualm I had as I hurried up the trail after the grizzly was for the alignment of the sights on the .22 Hi-Power I had borrowed. But the ranch foreman had assured me it was a straight-shooting rifle.

The sheepherder had made his camp in a little glade, and the bear had left it by following a trail up the heavily wooded slope behind. I trotted along, moving quickly and silently.

The grizzly couldn't be far ahead, so I watched the forest for movement,

(Continued on page 47)

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Ramrod Justice

The accused was held to be guilty until proven innocent—which he almost never was.

By KERMIT RAYBORN

Illustrated by Jack Davis

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THE case before Justice Richard C. Barry of Sonora, California, was that of the State vs. Jesus Ramirez on a charge of horse stealing. The plaintiff was the county sheriff. The time, October 12, 1850.

"The sheriff swears the mule is his, and I believe him," Justice Barry said, summing up the case. "It seems clear that Jesus Ramirez is guilty of stealing the aforesaid mule, feloniously and against the law made and provided for the dignity of the people of Sonora. I sentence him to pay the costs of the court, which will be $10, and fine him $100 more as a terror to evil doers."

"The Mexican says he has no money," the court interpreter said, after talking to the defendant in Spanish.

"Then in that case," said the Justice, "I will rule that the sheriff must pay the costs of court and the fine as well. This court can't be expected to work for nothing."

"But, your honor, please!" the lawyer for the sheriff protested. "Such a ruling is unheard of. There is no precedent or statute for such a decision."

"Shut up," barked the Justice. "I don't give a damn for your law books. I am the law in this case."

"But your honor cannot fine the sheriff for being robbed!"

"The hell I can't! He's fined here and now!"

The lawyer threw up his hands in disgust. "What's the use?" he groaned. "I have no chance of getting justice in this court."

"No, and if I have anything to say about it, you'll never get justice in this court," growled Justice Barry.

"Your honor," shouted the lawyer. "I object strongly to the court's conduct and language."

"Go ahead, object and see if I care," roared the Justice. "I find you in contempt. I also fine you $50 and commit you to jail for five days. Mr. Constable, take him to the lockup."

That was justice in California mining camps in 1850. Justice Barry had been a captain of Texas Rangers in the Mexican War. A red-faced, Napoleonic little man, he was more interested in court fees than in square dealing. He was one of the few justices who knew the law, but woe unto any lawyer who tried to quote any law book to him.

Most of the early justices knew nothing of the law, but they muddled along the best they could and were a continual source of amusement to the community. In fact, if it hadn't been for the justices, most of the mining camps would have had no laughs on a rainy day.

UNCLE JAKE Emminger was a justice of the peace in the little settlement of Rancheria, California. He was noted for his ignorance of the law and for a long white beard which he usually kept folded up and tied with a ribbon. However, on Sundays and court days, he took off the ribbon, letting the beard swing freely down his front and below the waist line.

Once a lawyer asked for a change of venue for his client. The justice stroked his long white beard and, after due deliberation, announced:

"Motion denied and judgment given for the plaintiff."

"Wait a minute," said the lawyer, "if my client's case has to be tried in this court, I demand a jury."

"A jury?" exclaimed the Justice. "What in the hell do you want with a jury? They don't prove nothin!"

Uncle Jake first became famous when he sentenced a Chinese to jail for life for stealing chickens.

Another "Uncle" was Uncle Zeke, justice of the peace of Nevada City. Once a man was charged with horse stealing and brought into his court. He listened to the prosecuting attorney present the facts and the evidence, then when the defense attorney started to call a witness to the stand, Uncle Zeke stopped him.

"No use calling any more witnesses," he said.

"But, your honor, please. I wish to prove the good moral character of the defendant."

"Why he's already been proved a horse thief!"

"I contend that the evidence has not proved the defendant guilty," said the lawyer. "I demand that my character witness be heard."

"Hell, a horse thief ain't got no character. I won't hear another liar say he has."

"But, your honor, is it not a legal presumption that a defendant is innocent until proved guilty?"

"Humph," Uncle Zeke grunted. "It may be a presumption all right. But I'll tell you something, young man. It's a moral certainty that I'm not bottomed with cast iron. You can keep on with your argument as long as you're a mind to. But I'm goin' out for a snort o' good whiskey." Uncle Zeke got up and walked to the nearest saloon.

A boy once complained to Justice George Vail of Yreka that a man had refused to pay him his wages after he had worked for him all winter, and now that man was about to leave the country. "Couldn't the court do something?"

"The court shore can do something," said the Justice, and forthwith he had the employer brought into court, where the man admitted the debt but protested that he had no money.

"Stand that feller on his head and see if anything falls out," the Justice ordered the constable.

The constable and another man grabbed the defendant, turned him upside down with his head on the floor and his legs sticking up in the air. A bag containing $2,000 in gold dust fell out of his pocket. The Justice paid off the boy's claim, took an ounce for himself, two for the constable and told the defendant he was free to go.

A JACKSON LAWYER once had a gambler for a client. The gambler was charged with so many crimes that a prison term seemed almost a certainty. During the trial, the lawyer asked permission of the court to step outside for a word with his client in private. Permission was granted and once outside the court, the lawyer advised his client to "Run, dammit! Run like hell!" The gambler took the legal advice and ran.

Once Justice Yates of Fiddletown became indignant at a witness whom he knew was giving some perjured testimony. He couldn't tell the witness so while court was in session, however, so he announced, "I declare this court adjourned for one minute."

He then stepped down from his bench, faced the witness and said, "Now it is my privilege to tell you that I think you are a damned liar." Then, assuming his seat on the bench, he announced again,

"I now declare this court in session again. The hearings may proceed."

A road agent, one Fred Amos, was convicted in the court of one Justice King for stage robbery, and sentenced to ten years in prison.

"I have a proposition to make the court," said Amos.

"What is it?" asked the Justice.

"Well, I'll tell you what, Judge. You gave me ten years. All right. Let's play a hand of seven-up. Just you and me. For double or nothin'. If I lose, it's twenty years in San Quentin. If I win, it's nothing. How about it?"

Judge King played and won. Amos got his twenty years.

Justice Jesse Nile of Donkeyville used to preside over his court with great dignity—and a great bowie knife. He once had a case for adjudication involving two big mining companies. The courtroom was in the rear of Niles' drinking emporium, the Diana Saloon, in back of the billiard tables and the faro layout. The mining companies brought their lawyers from the city and they used all the formality and niceties of court etiquette that they knew on the old justice.

During the long, involved testimony, one of the city lawyers got an idea. Winking at the justice, he suggested, "If your honor please, I move we adjourn for five minutes," and jerked his head slightly toward the bar.

"I suppose," said Justice Niles, smiling as he rose from the bench," that the jury and witnesses are included in that invitation?"

"By all means," said the lawyer.

Everybody in the courtroom then lined up at the bar for a drink. Soon court resumed—but adjourned again in five minutes, this time at the suggestion of the rival attorney. This occurred several times until Justice Niles was thick-lipped and silvery-tongued. He summed up the case royally even if a bit illogically. But a juror wasn't satisfied with the summing up.

"Your honor," he asked, "would you mind telling me in what law book you find all that law you just mentioned?"

Justice Niles glared at the juror. "I'll have you know, sir, when I say a thing is law, it is law. I am my own authority."

Then, purple with rage, he drew his bowie knife and leaped for the foolish juror. The juror jumped aside and ran out of the building. The other jurors, witnesses, lawyers and spectators followed as fast as they could. Justice Niles was left standing in the center of the barroom, alone, soused to the gills, with the result of the trial known only to himself.

THE justices had their own method of performing a wedding ceremony. A young couple once came into Justice Barry's court and asked to be married. Justice Barry did the job in a hurry.

"Do you take this woman for your wife?" he asked the prospective husband.

"I do."

"Do you take this man for your husband?"

"I do," said the bride.

"Spliced. Five dollars, please," said the Justice.

But Justice Jenkins, of Sonora, was a great Democrat and a firm believer in the Constitution. When he married a

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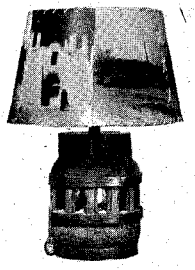

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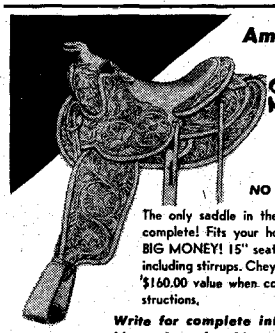

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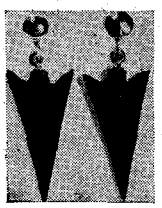

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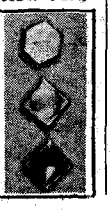

couple it was more like an oath of office.

"Hold up your right hand," he would order the bridegroom. "Do you solemnly swear that you are twenty-one years old and that you will support the Constitution of the United States and be a true, faithful and obedient husband to this woman?"

"I do."

"Then I pronounce you man and wife."

Speaking of Justice Jenkins, he once tried a young man charged with seduction. When the young lady was brought into court to testify, the Justice took one look at her and discharged the young man, saying:

"The evidence clearly indicates that his was a case of self-defense."

The young lady was big and buxom, and the young man didn't look any too strong.

In any of the mining town courtrooms a man was presumed to be guilty until proven innocent—which he almost never was.

Buffalo-slaying Bullfighters

(Continued from page 11)

fight so that he was maddened until his pen could barely contain him.

Meanwhile Captain Pratt hesitantly broke the news to the prisoners of what was afoot. He was relieved to discover his charges enthusiastic. When he explained that they might have the meat if they succeeded in killing the monster, they almost hoisted him on their shoulders in their glee, for these carnivores had been forced to subsist on a diet of beans and salt pork and they were ferociously hungry for raw beef.

They immediately chose Red Arrow and White Horse as their protagonists versus *el toro.* The pair asked permission to select the butcher knives of their choice from the galley and to hone them to their satisfaction. That this request was granted illustrates the trust reposed in these prisoners—lifters of many paleface scalps allowed custody of sharp butcher knives!

CAME THE GREAT day for the bullfight and St. Augustine treated it as a holiday. Flags and bunting were broken out. A band played charming Spanish melodies. The main street was roped off as an arena and improvised grandstands were set up on both sides of the narrow street. Lucky souls crowded the grilled balconies of the gracious Spanish homes along the route. Inevitably there was a fanfare of speeches.

At last a trumpet sounded and Red Arrow and White Horse rode up from a side street on the west to the roped enclosure at about the middle. Bystanders held up the ropes so the riders could pass underneath and the bullfighters were in the ring. Red Arrow was stripped to the waist and painstakingly painted for the occasion. He had attached long red flannel streamers to his belt, his horse's mane and tail. His fellow prisoners were seated at the intersection of the side street and main street. Naturally, he had to stop and make them a speech typical of the beginning of any Indian operation of importance.

White Horse had stripped off all his clothing except the traditional G string of the buffalo hunter, so jewelled fans and lace handkerchiefs as coverings for the faces of the assembled ladies were much in evidence. White Horse's mount got excited and began to buck. He was good at it too and the horse-loving spectators began to cheer this added attraction in appreciation for fine horsemenship as the Indian easily maintained his seat even though he had no saddle. He grinned from ear to ear in thorough enjoyment of the multiple shouts of the crowd and made no attempt to halt the nag's pitching. The horse commenced "fence-rowing" and as he came out of a side-twist which left White Horse looking south, the Kiowa was astonished to see the mighty bull, which had broken out of his cage, rumble up and bear down like an express train upon the red-bedecked Red Arrow.

The big and powerful White Horse jerked his horse's head up in a flash and put an end to his bucking, shouted a warning to Red Arrow, whirled his mount and raced after the bull.

Red Arrow glanced over his shoulder and for a moment was too flabbergasted to react. Something wrong here. No buffalo had ever acted this way. Suddenly the Cheyenne did what came naturally and dug his heels into the flanks of his pony and set him down on a northerly course.

The enraged bull had up a full head of steam and gained on Red Arrow—who was running out of ground up front, too—with every jump. The spectators gasped for breath in anticipation of the approaching tragedy. Then they witnessed horsemanship the equal of which few of them had ever seen. With his mighty hands and shoulders, White Horse lifted up his scrawny mount and set him down in the manner of the most skilled jockey and succeeded in driving him alongside the flying bull whose horns were on the point of entering the rump of Red Arrow's pony. White Horse pressed his right knee into the bull's left flank, his big butcher knife flashed high in the air and down it crashed with a powerful thrust above the loin, severing the bull's spinal column.

With an agonized bellow the bull dropped onto his belly and skidded for yards, coming to rest where the rope at the street's end had been and through which Red Arrow and his mount had crashed, catapulting the Cheyenne onto the tiered boards from which the terrified spectators had scattered like a flock of startled sparrows. White Horse was off his pony and standing on the bull before he stopped skidding. Stretching himself upward to the furtherest extremities of his toes, he emitted an ear-splitting gobble commemorating his triumph then dropped to the ground and slashed a great hole in the moaning bull's side. Reaching in, he jerked out a piping hot kidney and devoured it, the blood running down his chin and spattering his naked chest.

Aristocratic señoras and señoritas keeled over like tenpins. Brave señores blanched and gagged. The Indians cheered widly, leaped the restraining ropes and rushed the still-living bull. They reduced the carcass to a heap of bones almost before it quit quivering.

"*Si, si,* Capitán Pratt," agreed the dons of St. Augustine after they could steady themselves. "Nevair do we forget such a bullfight as we see here today. Nevair!"

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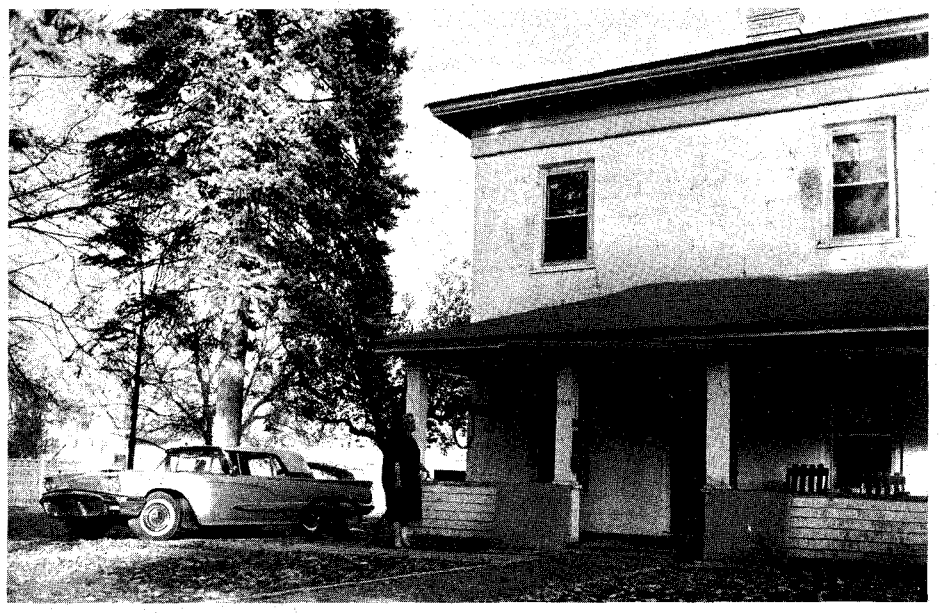

Original home of Nathan C. Meeker, founder of Greeley, Colorado.

Wild Old Days

TEMPERANCE TOWN

By HAZEL E. JOHNSON

ON DECEMBER 14, 1869, Nathan C. Meeker, agricultural editor of the New York *Tribune,* published a "call" to establish a colony in Colorado Territory which read, "The persons with whom I would be willing to associate must be temperance men and ambitious to establish good society."

Replies poured in from those eager to try their luck in the Great American Desert and just ten days later a meeting was held at Cooper Institute in New York City where plans were formulated for a colony movement. A locating committee decided upon a spot in Colorado Territory just fifty miles north of Denver.

In honor of Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune,* who aided and encouraged Nathan Meeker in his colony dream, the town was named Greeley. In favor of a strictly temperance town, the New York editor wrote, "There are many places in the world you can go to and get drunk, but there are very few places in the world you can go to where you are obliged to keep sober. It is very easy to get drunk, but it is hard to keep sober . . . now I desire and am in earnest for humanity's sake that you people build up an asylum under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains under new circumstances, where you will live by irrigation and flourish in a new clime, where a man can go and cannot get drunk. There are many men who desire such a place. What I desire in this matter is not for myself but for humanity."

In the spring of 1870, colonists began arriving. Colony land deeds bore this stipulation: ". . . that it is expressly agreed between the parties hereto, that intoxicating liquors shall never be manufactured, sold or given away in any place of public resort as a beverage, on said premises; and that in case any one of these shall be broken or violated, this conveyance, and everything herein contained, shall be null and void."

Greeley grew and it was not uncommon to hear cattlemen riding past say in derision, "Those are Greeley Saints —living in Saint's Rest!" For besides being a temperance town, they had found it necessary to erect a wire fence to completely surround their holdings. The fence set back the Greeley building program, but it saved the town from destructive range cattle. Cattlemen insisted it was put there to "separate the Saints from the barbarians round about."

JUST BECAUSE Greeley was (and still is) a temperance town didn't mean that citizens didn't feel a hankering for liquor now and then. Forrest Powars, Greeley Merchant Policeman, related this story:

"Some years ago there lived a self-made man near Greeley. Penniless he had taken the advice of Horace Greeley to 'go West' to seek his fortune. He found employment immediately on a farm near Greeley, worked very hard and, in due time, purchased a farm of his own. Under his diligent work and careful management the farm prospered and soon he was considered one of Weld County's more affluent citizens. Just occasionally he imbibed liquor a bit too freely.

"One day this man made a trip to Denver for the avowed purpose of having a good time in a saloon. He had a large roll of bills in his possession. Knowing the barkeeper made it a point to appropriate any money found on the persons of inebriates in their establishments, the man made plans to thwart said barkeeper in this instance.

"Immediately upon arriving in Denver, the man went to a rooming house and rented a room. There he carefully removed the castors from the old wooden bedstead, inserted several bills of large denomination into the cavity of each leg, and even more carefully replaced the castors. He kept out only enough money for the evening's fun. Then he proceeded to his favorite saloon and an hilarious evening with the boys.

"Much, much later he staggered out of the saloon and started for the rooming house where he had secreted his money. He never arrived there. He had forgotten the address."

JUDGE BARKER AND THE ONE-EYED MULE

By R. S. O'CONNOR

IN the days when justices practiced according to their consciences rather than the statutes, some of their rulings were both original and unique.

Jim Barker, who lived at the head of Blue Lizard Gulch, had been elected justice in 1858 for that section of El Paso County, Colorado Territory. One day he convened court to hear the complaint of a traveling missionary, Elder Slater, who charged Zimri Bowles with stealing Elder's one-eyed mule. The proof was conclusive. The constable had caught Zimri in the act of lowering the mule down Mad Gun Mountain with a rope tied to her tail.

After hearing both sides of the case, Barker sentenced Zimri Bowles to one

(Continued on page 64)

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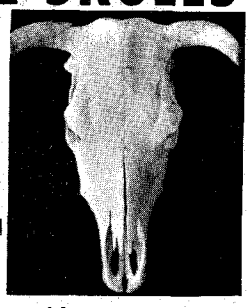

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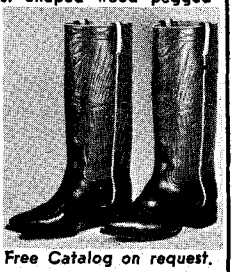

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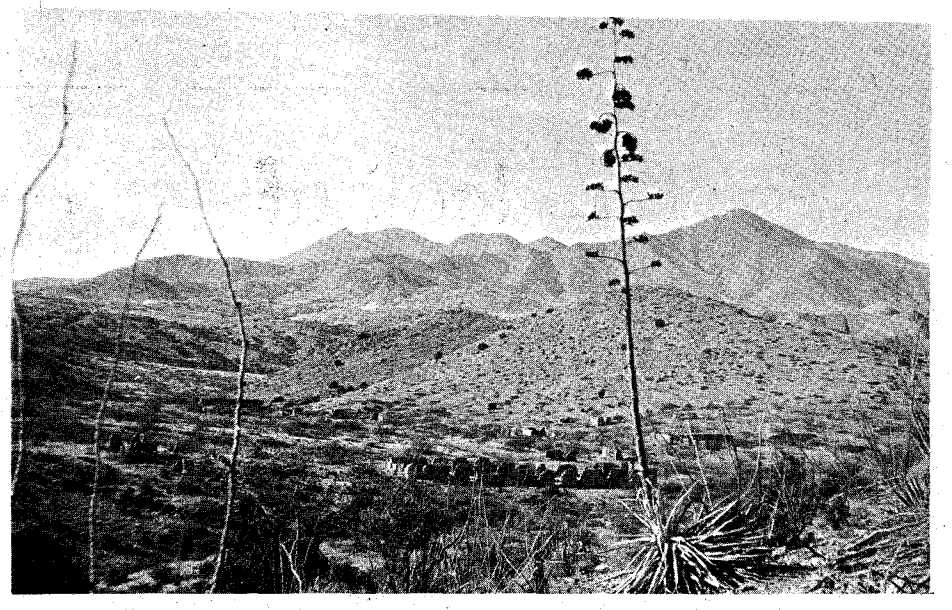

Ruins of old Fort Bowie looking west. The long walls were once the cavalry barracks.

The West's Bloodiest Pass!

(Continued from page 10)

When they arrived at the mail station, Bascom stopped for water. He informed the agent that he was headed for the Rio Grande. Then he proceeded to a point about three-quarters of a mile east of the station to pitch camp. Bascom and Ward planned to lure Cochise into the tent, then hold him prisoner until the boy and cattle were returned.

As they had hoped, Cochise noted their arrival. Soon he and some of his relatives were at the mail station to inquire about the soldiers. The agent thought that the chief should visit the soldier camp.

The group started toward Bascom's Sibley tent over which flew a white flag. With Cochise were his wife Nalikadeya, his eight-year-old son Nachise, his brother Naretena, and two nephews.

At camp, Ward observed their approach and warned Bascom, who told the soldiers to surround the tent as soon as the Apaches were inside. The lieutenant met Cochise with a friendly smile and invited him and his party into the officer's quarters. Sensing no danger, Cochise led the way into the canvas room.

Inside, Bascom's affable manner changed. He brusquely demanded Ward's boy and cattle. The astonished Cochise disclaimed any knowledge of the theft, but offered to discover the guilty Indians. Ward stood at Bascom's elbow, goading him into calling Cochise a liar. Then Bascom told the angry chief that he and his group were prisoners until Ward's son and herd were returned.

But Cochise was not to be held. He whipped out his knife and slashed the fabric of the tent. As he leaped through the opening, he called for his people to follow him. This unexpected action caught the soldiers off guard, but they recovered quickly enough to prevent the others from following their chief. They bayoneted one of the nephews in the stomach to prevent his escape.

Outside the tent, troopers sent a rain of carbine bullets after the fleeing Cochise, who was running like a fleet deer, dodging from bush to bush. But one ball found his leg, and Cochise left a thin trail of blood.

Bascom and Ward held the relatives. They were positive Cochise would be back to capitulate.

That very night the Apaches attacked the mail stage from the west. Their first volley wounded King Lyons, the driver. William Buckley, superintendent for the mail line, seized the reins from Lyons. As he urged the teams on, one of the mules fell dead in the traces. Passengers leaped from the coach to help cut the animal from its harness. Then Buckley drove on recklessly, the passengers returning the fire of the Indians from the stage windows. At last they reached the stone corral of the Apache Pass station. As Buckley pulled to a stop, one of the three remaining mules fell dead.

That very night Buckley dispatched a messenger to Tucson and Fort Breckenridge for aid.

The next morning Cochise appeared before the station waving a white cloth. He was still willing to return to peace if treated justly.

Bascom, two soldiers and three members of the station crew, who considered themselves special friends of the Chiricahua chief, went out to talk. Cochise demanded the immediate release of his relatives, but Bascom was adamant in the stand he had taken. One of the soldiers observed a red body slinking up a ravine close to the conference area. With a cry of warning, he fled to the safety of the corral, the other soldiers following him. Braves leaped out to seize the astonished mail station employees. Having failed in his mission, Cochise carried off these three men as hostages.

Cochise added three more White Eye captives to his prisoner group by attacking the very next day, a wagon train camped near the west entrance to the pass. He took three of the men alive so that his number of hostages would equal that of the soldiers. Surely, now the lieutenant would have to change his mind.

Again under truce, Cochise appeared before the station; now he was daubed with war paint. Clay Wallace, one of the station attendants held prisoner, pleaded with Bascom, for he knew his life was forfeit if the Indians were not released. Sergeant Reuben F. Bernard, of Bascom's detail, appealed vehemently for the release of the Indian captives; so persistent was he that Bascom finally placed him under arrest.

Observing that Bascom was unyielding, an Apache suddenly tossed a lasso around Wallace, jerked the man off his feet, and galloped away across the rocky

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country. Cochise and his band rode away with the remaining five prisoners.

Scouts searching for Indian sign two days later found the bodies of the white men lying where the Indians had tortured them to death. By this time Captain Bernard Irwin was in the pass with Bascom. In his journal he wrote: "It was then and there decided to execute an equal number of the Indian warriors confined at the mail station. It was I who suggested their summary execution, man for man."

The prisoners were marched a mile and a half to a grove of oak trees near the graves of the Americans. Cochise's nephew was forced to make the hike in spite of his abdominal wound. The Indians were hanged to the stout oak limbs where their bodies would dangle a warning to Cochise.

Cochise's wife and small son were taken to Fort Buchanan. Later they were freed.

In his journal Captain Irwin wrote: "When I again traversed the pass six months after the events related, the bodies of the Indians executed still dangled on the oak trees over the graves of our murdered people."

Instead of frightening Cochise into submission, these events merely embittered him. The War Between the States caused the government to withdraw all western troops for action against the Confederacy. To Cochise, this signaled a great victory. He would drive all the White Eyes from his country.

EVENTS moved swiftly in the next act of the drama of Apache Pass. In California a group of volunteers banded together to fight for the Union cause. Under the leadership of Brigadier General James H. Carleton, this California column moved into Arizona toward Tucson. At Picacho Peak the column met and defeated the band of Tucsonians who were Confederate supporters. This was the only Civil War battle fought on Arizona soil. The column took Tucson, replacing the Confederate flag flying over the city with the Stars and Stripes.

Early in July, 1862, Captain Thomas L. Roberts and Captain John C. Cremony were assigned the task of escorting a twenty-one unit wagon train of supplies into New Mexico to prepare for further troop movements eastward.

The two men led the train to Dragoon Springs. Fearing a low water supply in Apache Pass, Roberts and his men left the wagon train to reconnoiter the pass before the train advanced. To escape the burning July sun, the detachment set out at 5:30 in the afternoon and hiked all night, but it was past noon the next day when they approached the pass. Their water supply was gone and they were hot, dusty, and dry.

As the column approached the spot where Bascom had made his fateful camp, the Apaches poured out fire upon the soldiers from their ambush spots. Allied with Mangas Coloradas (Red Sleeves), Cochise was determined to wipe out the unit of troops. He himself had directed the building of crude stone breastworks on the two hillsides commanding the spring, which was deep in the ravine between them. His well-hidden warriors were almost impossible for the soldiers to locate.

Consequently, Roberts ordered retreat to regroup his men, make plans for attack and allow the column a brief rest. When the column advanced again, Roberts sent skirmishers along the ridges.

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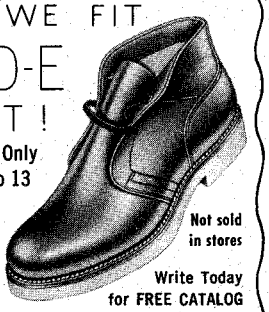

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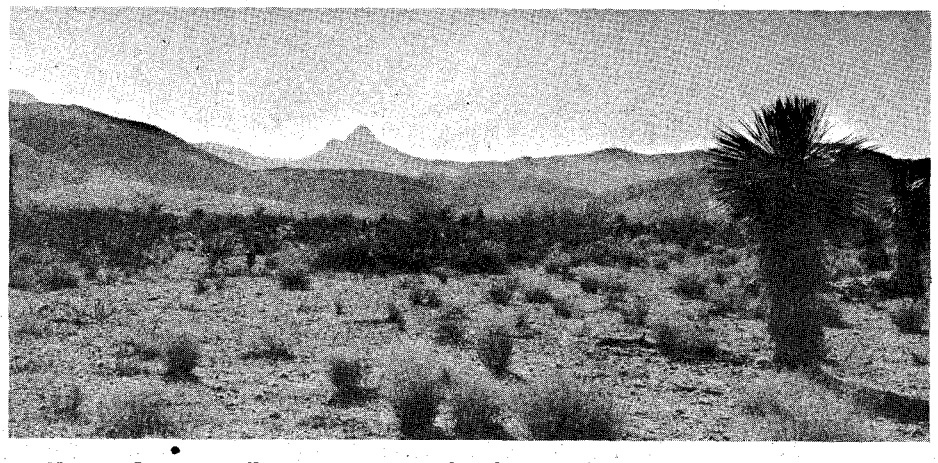

Helen's Dome is silhouetted against the sky in the view emigrants had of the maze known as Apache Pass.

The fighting continued all afternoon with the soldiers progressing slowly and the Apaches retreating to the redoubts on the hillsides. Just before sunset, Roberts reached the stone corral of the old stage station. But the spring was still 600 feet away with the Apache warriors solidly entrenched above it.

Now the column was strategically located to use the two howitzers they had dragged across the desert. The men wheeled the two weapons into position, but one was upset in the excitement. In spite of flying lead, the men uprighted the piece, and soon both were throwing shells right on top of the Apaches behind their redoubts. A little of this was more than enough. Cochise's braves fled, leaving the spring to thirsty soldiers.

Roberts lost one man, Private John Barr, and a few suffered minor wounds.

After a brief rest, Roberts returned to meet Cremony and the wagon train. When the train arrived at the spring, the Apaches had again secured control. Once again the howitzers drove them off.

Realizing the importance of the Apache Pass spring to troops and others moving across the country, Roberts recommended to General Carleton that a post be maintained in the pass. Carleton agreed and suggested that it be named after his friend, Colonel George Washington Bowie, of the California Volunteers.

Fort Bowie was officially established on July 28, 1862, with a garrison of one hundred men with thirteen tents for barracks. The post was to occupy the summit of the south hill overlooking the spring. Major Theodore A. Coult was the commanding officer. His orders were to have a picket guard of twenty-one men night and day to hold the water supply, to work on fortifications and to escort wagons through the pass. In the first few weeks illness struck so many men that only forty were fit for duty, forcing the well ones to do double duty.

On August 6, Private McFarland, stock herder, was watching the few cattle some distance from the post. One of the cows strayed off. Acting contrary to orders, he followed the animal, though he was alone and unarmed. Suddenly an Apache stepped from behind a rock and fired at him. Screaming a warning, McFarland ran for camp. As he scrambled up the hill in view of the garrison, he fell. Men rushed to his rescue as others started in pursuit of the Indian. But the Apache had disappeared.

FROM 1861 to 1866 the chief concern of the post was to make it secure for troops and travelers. Apache raids in August of 1863 cost the fort all the horses belonging to Company E, First Cavalry.

A post office was established at the Apache Pass post in December of 1866. But a tempting lure of $200 a month in gold had to be paid to secure mail carriers, for the Apache Pass run was the most dangerous in the Southwest. In twenty-two months, sixteen mail carriers were killed by the Apaches.

The mail rider had just left Fort Bowie on November 5, 1867, when he noticed the sheep herd and oxen belonging to the fort suddenly begin to panic. He spotted two Indians creeping toward the stock. Throwing a couple of shots in their direction, he turned back to alarm the sentinels.

Lieutenant John C. Carroll, eighteen years of age, was in command of the post then. He dispatched groups of men to search out the marauders, and he himself rode out with the mail rider. The men returned to the fort in small groups during the afternoon. At supper time all were accounted for except the commanding officer.

A searching party was organized immediately. At sundown the men found the lifeless, mutilated body of the mail carrier, and about half a mile further the naked, dead body of the lieutenant with his faithful dog standing guard. Carroll was the only officer killed while commanding at Fort Bowie.

During these days, the landmark known at Cow Peak received the new name of Helen's Dome, the name which it bears today. Oscar Layton, who carried mail to the fort in its waning years, said that the name was really Helen's Doom. Helen was an officer's wife. She strayed too far from camp, was captured by Apaches, and carried to the top of the peak. There she was tortured to death before the garrison. The peak was renamed in her honor.

In 1868 Fort Bowie would no longer accommodate the troops garrisoned there, and the building situation was bad anyway. A complete new post was built on the sloping ground to the southeast of the original site.

In the spring of 1869, Captain Reuben F. Bernard, who had opposed Bascom's actions, became fort commander. During his short tenure, he led scouting expeditions almost continuously. But every time he engaged the Indians in battle, Cochise managed to strike back, steal-

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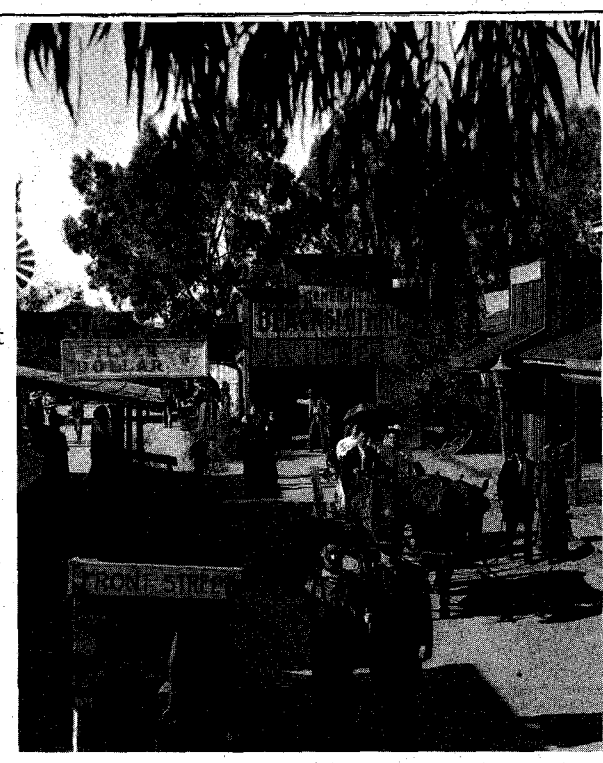

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ing stock, killing the mail carrier, or terrorizing travelers. In the fall of that year the eastern mail from Tucson was captured and every one on the stage killed.

So it went until General O. O. Howard, under direct orders from President Ulysses S. Grant, came to seek peace with Cochise. With the assistance of Thomas Jeffords, he met with Cochise. After a period of skillful negotiations in the fall of 1872, the talks were successful and Cochise agreed to the terms of a reservation for him and his people. He remained faithful to these terms until he died and was secretly buried in June, 1874.

A few months after the peace talks were completed, Cochise accompanied Thomas Jeffords to Fort Bowie for his first peaceful visit there. Many times thereafter he was at the fort, accepting the hospitality of the men. But he would never stay after sundown.

In 1881 the railroad came through southern Arizona, and the line passed within fifteen miles of the fort. The station at the railway was first named Teviston after Captain Tevis, but became commonly known as Bowie Station. It is the town of Bowie today.

Peace with Cochise brought hope that all Indian raiding would cease. But renegades like Geronimo, Nachez and the Apache Kid still roamed the territory. Many expeditions were led from Fort Bowie in an attempt to subdue Geronimo.

When Geronimo finally did surrender in 1886, he was taken to Fort Bowie and kept under guard until he could be sent, by train, to Pickens, Florida. When the day for his departure arrived, the post band marched out on the parade ground. As the procession of wagons began to roll toward Bowie Station, the band played "Auld Lang Syne." Peace seemed to have come at last to Apache Pass.

The Apache Kid caused a few scouting expeditions to leave the fort, but as he moved northward, the troops were removed from the search.

In 1896 came the order to abandon Fort Bowie. For over thirty years it had governed Apache Pass. Everything worth salvaging from the buildings was sold at auction.

And now, nearly a hundred years after it was founded, Fort Bowie lies in ruins. Some effort has been made recently to have the area set aside as an Arizona State Park, but no action has yet turned this hope into reality.

The Lost Grizzly Mine

(Continued from page 16)

Southern Oregon was and still is, no doubt, a prospector's paradise, for it is pocket country. In the years that have passed since I tramped the hills with my father, many pockets have been discovered and dug out, but few prospectors were as successful at it as my father. True, he never found any very big ones. Usually they were worth anywhere from $150 up to $1,500, and all were grassroot finds, never more than ten feet under the surface. I remember that just before we found the Lost Grizzly, we took out two pockets in one week, both small.

When times were rough and the quartz mine was not producing due to excessive water or to cave-ins that were expensive to remove, causing production delays, my father would sling his gold pan over his back and head for the hills. Several times after only a day's

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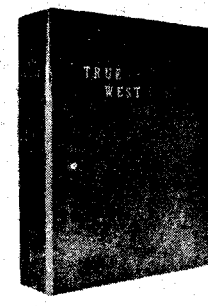

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effort he would come home with a grin a mile wide and a baking powder can full of gold. He might have dug the pocket out that day and never go back to it again, or he would return to dig some more. He seemed to have an uncanny knowledge of pockets and knew when to quit a hole, while others would dig and dig before giving up.

"Let's try for the Grizzly," he would say some mornings as we were leaving the house and off we would go in the general direction of where old Jake Ormond had made his strike. Since he had indicated the divide between Miller Creek and its neighbor, Caris Creek, was three miles from the location, we had our choice of taking the Caris Creek side or breaking back into Long Gulch. Sometimes our pans turned up color and sometimes they didn't. It was all in the day's work and dad never seemed to discourage easily; he always had his quartz mine to fall back on.

IT WAS A morning in June, I recall, when we set out the last time to look for the Lost Grizzly. I was fifteen that year, which would make it 1908. The topknotted mountain quail were calling and from the ridge between Long Gulch and Miller Creek came the deceptive grunting of a ruffled grouse. In the firs of a little flat a native pheasant drummed his challenge on a rotten log. It was a typical early-summer morning in southern Oregon, warm and pleasant. One would hardly be thinking of looking for treasure on such a day.

On the divide we halted for a blow and dad lit his pipe. "We've tried all the gulches on both sides," he said. "Why, I remember panning that ridge twenty-five years ago. Let's drop down this morning and try some of the flats on the other side."

"Why not?" I said. "Those flats are at least three miles from here."

In panning for pocket gold one tries the creeks and low places first to pick up color thrown off eons ago and carried down by the rains.

"I'll take this gulch and you take the other," dad said as we dropped down toward the flats as we called them. The flats were really a series of small gulches and weren't flat at all, but from above the area looked flat in comparison to the rest of the surroundings.

I picked up a sample from the creek bed and panned it. I noticed as I washed the sample down to a point of tiny tailings that I had a dozen or so rather large gold specks—large, that is, for very fine gold. They were like pin heads, and promising.

I walked up stream and scooped up another pan. This time the trace was a bit heavier.

I continued sampling for perhaps a quarter of a mile, consuming a couple of hours, and then the last panful produced no color at all. I knew from that, as my father had taught me, that the trace was coming into the gulch from one side or the other, below the spot where I had taken the last sample. My job then was to go back and try both sides of that gulch.

I had taken three or four samples and was at the creek washing them when my father came back.

"Not a color in that next gulch," he said. "You find anything?"

"Yep," I replied cockily, "I sure have." I pointed out the section of the creek that had turned up color. He looked up the hillside at the fresh holes I had dug to get my samples and without saying a word went to the other side of the gulch and began digging. He came back a little later and started panning below me.

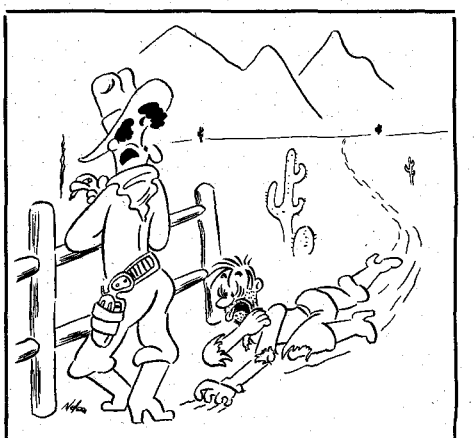
All three of my samples were negative. No color.

I walked over to where he was panning and peered over his shoulder. He looked up and grinned.

"You found something all right," he said. "Look!"

He swished the water around in the pan until a little comet-like tail of gold appeared. The more he swished it the longer the little tail grew.

"Wow!" I yelled, and a minute later I was taking another sample from the hillside about fifteen feet above the line



"Howdy, Jake. Where you been keeping yourself?"

of holes that had produced his samples.

The comet's tail in my pan was almost twice as long as the one my father had turned up.

When a pocket gives off color, the color or fine gold moves from the gold deposit downward, spreading out like an inverted V, in this manner: ^. By taking a string of samples, one above the other, across the sloping hillside one gradually determines the degree at which the inverted ^ is narrowing down and finally when no more color is produced one knows where to dig.

We worked furiously throughout the morning, with the color in our pans growing heavier with each panful we washed, and finally it was past the noon hour.

"Let's knock off and have some lunch," dad said. He was not excited, or even in a hurry. He had found heavy traces before, only to have them peter out on him, which meant that there had been a very small pocket and all of it, too near the surface, had been washed away over the many centuries it had existed.

We ate the sandwiches my mother had prepared, the hard-boiled eggs and the slabs of custard pie that I liked so well.

"Maybe we've found the Lost Grizzly," I said as I gulped down the pie.

Dad shook his head thoughtfully. 'There'd be some pan holes, but I don't see any."

"But that was thirty-seven years ago," I pointed out. "The rain and wind would have filled them by now." Then I looked up the hillside and I

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thought I could see little mounds in a line across it. I pointed them out to dad but he still wasn't impressed. "Just natural humps in the soil," he said. "I don't believe Jake ever panned this side of the divide. Anyway, what's the difference? We may have something as big or bigger than Jake found."

Before taking another sample I walked up the hill a piece and had a look at the surface soil. I was certain now that someone had sampled that hillside long ago. If someone had, there would be signs of it above.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I discovered between two laurel trees unmistakable signs of digging. There was an indentation in the soil about fifteen feet long and three or four inches deep, and I remembered that Jake had filled up the hole again. No doubt he had leveled off the excavation even with the surface and scattered the excessive soil so it wouldn't attract attention. In the years that had gone by it had settled, leaving the outline of the original trench.

"Hey, pa,!" I yelled. "Come up here! I found your pocket!"

He came puffing up the hill, carrying the long-handled shovel, and stood above the old trench, looking it over.

"Could be," he agreed, "but I doubt it. Looks more like old man Jensen's scratching." He was referring to an old prospector who frequented that area for a number of years and for whom he had little respect.

He thrust the shovel into the depression and with his foot sent the blade deep. The soil came away easily. He took another shovelful, another and another.

"Appears it was filled up all right," he agreed as he worked. "Better fetch the pans."

I raced back down the hill and brought the gold pans and pick.

When I returned he had excavated about a foot of the old trench and still it was easy going, which meant that the dirt he was removing had not lain there a few million years. It had been removed once and put back, there was no doubt of that.

After digging another eight inches the full length of the trench, dad saw a small vein to the right and stopped to examine it in the sidewall.

"Talc, sure enough!" he said with elation in his voice. Talc, a hydrous mineral silicate of magnesium, very soft and slippery to the touch, is always present in southern Oregon pockets, as is porphyry and ocher ore that crumbles easily. One or all three elements may be present where there is gold.

Dad worked some of the talc between his fingers and I could see his face lighting up.

"If this is Jake's pocket," he said, "we'll soon know, unless somebody beat us to it."

I didn't know exactly what he meant at the time, for by the year I had grown old enough to pay much attention to such things, talk about the Lost Grizzly had quieted down.

I went back to the creek to get my jacket that I had left hanging on a bush. When I came back dad was sitting on the side of the excavation looking at something. When he turned his face toward me I saw his eyes shining like little beacons.

"Well," he said, "we found it, kid. This is the Lost Grizzly." He held up a rusted prospector's pick with the

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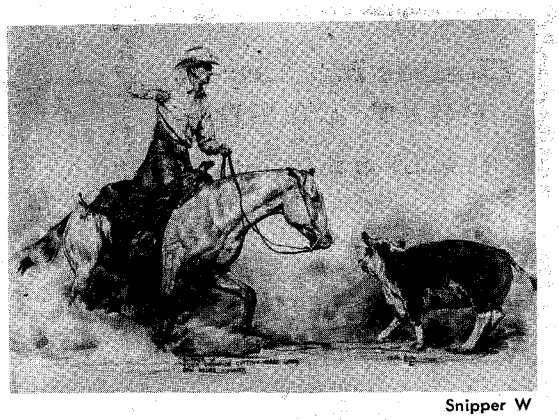

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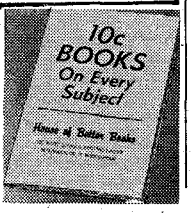

handle still in it. The handle, made of hickory, had rotted around the eye of the pick but otherwise after thirty-seven years it was still intact, due likely to the fact the hillside drained easily and the soil had remained dry for most of the time.

I was so excited I could hardly wait to dig, but dad remained calm. He even took time out to tell me about Jake leaving the pick in the excavation so that he could lay claim to the find if someone else stumbled upon it before he returned.

"It's supposed to have his initials on it," dad went on, "but I expect they have rusted away by now."

He took out his pocket knife and began prying away the rust. Eagerly I sat beside him to watch.

The initials were hard to find but after about twenty minutes of prying there they were, stamped quite deep in the metal—L.J.O. Jake's full name was Lewis J. Ormond.

There was no doubt about it—we had found the Lost Grizzly!

BUT JAKE had taken out the main pocket, without realizing that he had. There was plenty more, he had said, where that came from, but after dad and I had cleaned it out we had exactly $647, which was good for a couple days work, yet it was small return for the twenty-five years dad had spent looking for it.

We were sure after the second day that that was all of it. But there were others who thought differently. After we left it a couple of prospectors sank a thirty-foot shaft on the spot, and some years later another pair jumped the old claim and made an eighty-foot drift. But not another nugget was found.

I often have wondered if the same thing might be true with other lost diggings. If one were to re-discover the Lost Nugget Mine southeast of Needles, California, which was apparently legitimate, he might also find it to have been stripped, with little left for the next man. Another with the same fate awaiting the next discoverer could be the Lost Dutch-Oven Mine, or the Lost Soapmaker Mine, both of which were worked briefly and promptly lost when the finders died.

At least I know the thrill that attends the re-discovery of a lost mine and that is a lot more than many others can say. Mostly, lost mines stay lost.

Author's Note: The Lost Grizzly that we found should not be confused with the Lost Badger, in the same area, which we didn't find. For that one, see Frontier Times, Spring 1959, edition.

A Pair of Dried Ears

(Continued from page 19)

as the Sweetwater had ever been. Slade was happy to tackle this new challenge for two reasons—he was really beginning to like the action and danger his job brought him and Jules Beni was supposed to be hiding somewhere in the Rocky Ridge country.

Slade led many raids against outlaws and rustlers, hanging some and killing others, but there was no sign of Jules, who was suspected of being one of the outlaw leaders. Slade finally grew impatient and sent out a message to all his riders: "Bring in Beni fast and bring him in alive." With everyone on Slade's side of the fence scouring the hills in the search, it wasn't long before two men rode into the Rocky Ridge station, a lead horse trailing them. Lashed across the saddle was Jules Beni, wounded but alive.

Jules was dragged to the corral and tied to a snubbing post. Slade sent the onlookers away before turning to the cringing, begging little man sprawled before him. After nearly swearing him to death, Slade pulled his Colt and blew a hole in the helpless man's arm. Then he turned, stalked inside the station and demanded a drink. He downed it, then turned again and went outside. From inside the station, the employees heard another shot. Presently Slade returned for another drink. Then he went out to the corral and fired another shot. Finally, after dividing perhaps fifteen minutes between shooting Jules Beni to pieces and downing straight whiskeys, Slade was staggering drunk and Jules would bother no one, ever again. On the last trip inside, Jack Slade flourished a pair of ears, freshly cut off.

Following the killing of Jules, the Overland quieted down and Slade became like a cat which has just killed the mouse it's been playing with for hours. By now, he had come to crave excitement like some people crave one more drink or a cigarette. With the Overland tamed, he was forced to turn to other places to satisfy his yearnings. Frequent trips to Denver seemed to be the solution. However, Denver's citizens did not exactly welcome him with open arms, for his reputation had spread, as had the story of Jules' ears. Often, men would encircle him at the bar, listening closely as he told of his adventures on the Overland. Then he would tell them of Jules Beni. And just before the skeptics began to move away (he always seemed to know just the right moment) out would come the ears as proof of his claims.

A YOUNG man came West that year on his way to the Nevada gold camps. His name in those days was Sam Clemens, but people, in a matter of years, would come to know him as Mark Twain. He rode an Overland stage across Wyoming and, all the way, the main topic of discussion was a man called Slade. So, one morning when Clemens' coach stopped at a station for breakfast, the young man was amazed and very proud when he discovered that the man seated next to him was none other than the most famous division superintendent on the line, the infamous Jack Slade. Here, from *Roughing It*, is Clemens' account of that memorable breakfast:

> "The coffee ran out. At least it was reduced to one tin cupful, and Slade was about to take it when he saw that my cup was empty. He politely offered to fill it, but although I wanted it, I politely declined. I was afraid he had not killed anybody that morning, and might be needing diversion. But still with firm politeness he insisted on filling my cup, and said I had traveled all night and better deserved it than he—and while he talked he placidly poured the fluid, to the last drop. I thanked him and drank it, but it gave me no comfort, for I could not feel sure that he would not be sorry, presently, that he had given it away,

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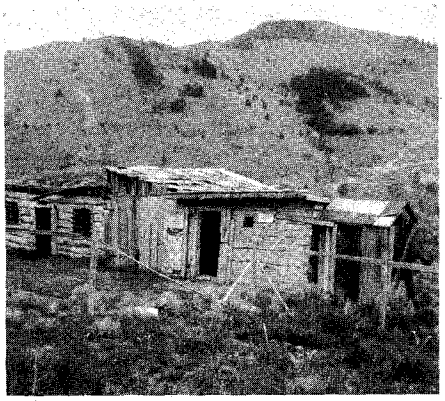
and proceed to kill me to distract his thoughts from the loss. But nothing of the kind occurred. We left him with only twenty-six dead people to account for, and I felt a tranquil satisfaction in the thought that in so judiciously taking care of No. 1 at that breakfast table I had pleasantly escaped being No. 27."

The summer of 1861 came and Slade, still in quest of the excitement he craved, did the one thing he shouldn't have done. He wrecked the sutler's store at Fort Halleck, bringing the U. S. Army down on his neck. The C. O. at Halleck ordered the Overland Stage Company to discharge Slade and, because the Army was the only instrument that could keep the Indians in line and because most of the outlaws were gone anyway, the Overland Company obeyed. Besides, Slade was getting a little too bloodthirsty for the Overland anyway.

ages. But still he picked a bad time to try to fulfill his craving for danger—the vigilantes were just commencing operations against the well-organized outlaw gang led by Bannack Sheriff Henry Plummer. Slade was warned by a few vigilante friends to ease off until things cooled down a bit. His only reply was to gallop up and down Wallace Street, emptying his revolvers through plate glass windows, which, in those days, were hard to come by. Jack Slade became a liability to Virginia City.

The night of March 8 rolled around and with it came Jack Slade, drunk as usual and packing his guns like he meant to use them. He rode his horse into several saloons, shooting out lamps and breaking mirrors. In one bar, he bought a bottle of whiskey and shared it with his horse. One of his friends, a vigilante, said to him quietly, "You'd better get out of town now, Jack, or there'll be hell to pay."



Above left: This old building was once the first jail in Bannack, Montana. Above right: Cyrus Skinner's Saloon in Bannack, supposed to have seen a "shooting or a knifing every night."

SLADE BECAME a freighter again, but that couldn't satisfy his needs. Bannack and Virginia City in Montana Territory were booming that year. Gold could be had by merely kicking your boot toe along the banks of the Madison River. Men swarmed to the area, seeking their fortunes, but Jack Slade went for another reason. There was much more excitement and danger in Virginia City than gold. His wife, Maria Virginia Dale, a product of saloon dance halls who married Slade before he joined the Overland Company, rode with him to Montana. There are stories that she once rescued him from an outlaw band that held him captive on the Overland by sneaking two pistols to him. But whatever the case, she was a real, honest-to-God frontier woman. They built themselves a ranch across the Tobacco Root Range from Virginia City and named it, appropriately, "Ravenswood."

During the bitter winter of 1863-1864, Slade made frequent trips across the bleak and frozen Tobacco Roots to town. He and ancient Bill Fairweather, the discoverer of Alder Gulch, became close friends and often made the rounds of the saloons together. As they started on the last stretch along Wallace Street, they would be fairly tipsy. Slade would be ready to enliven the night by shooting up a saloon or two and, in general, just raise hell. Always, though, he would return the day he sobered up, bringing apologies and cash for dam-

Slade, trying desperately to think straight, asked "What do you mean?"

"Just get out of town," was all the vigilante would say.

Slade, bewildered by the sudden hostility of the town, decided to take his friend's advice and led his horse to the street and climbed into the saddle. He had just started away when he decided to stay for one last short snort—it was a long, cold way home. He had more than one, though, and soon warmed to the possibility of some real excitement at last. Marching to the home of Alexander Davis, a local judge, he aimed a derringer at Davis' head and threatened to hold him hostage for assurance of a safe trip home. But Davis ignored Slade's little pistol and merely went on about his business. Slade soon tired of this dull sport, went outside and back to town. There were still some saloons open for business. By now, the warning from his vigilante friend had been forgotten.

The vigilante committee, headed by X. Biedler himself hesitated to act, for Slade had committed no great crime. Finally they decided to lock him up for the good of all concerned. They did not know just what they would do with him, but they felt it necessary to get him off the streets. Someone rode to nearby Nevada City and told the vigilantes there what was going to happen. The Nevada men saddled up and rode to Virginia City to aid in the arrest as they felt that all of the Gulch

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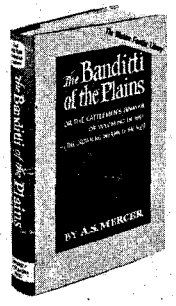

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should be represented. Somehow, word leaked out that Slade was to be arrested. Most of the Alder Gulch miners descended on Virginia City, nearly five hundred strong, with the single thought that they should hang Jack Slade and be rid of him once and for all. The vigilantes, under pressure of the miners, decided finally to go the extreme.

Backed by the miners, the vigilantes marched in a body down Wallace Street. They found Slade at Pfout's store apologizing for his behavior. The executive officer of the committee stepped forward and said to him, simply, "We want you, Slade. If you have any business to settle, better get to it because you are going to hang."

Slade, sobering fast, asked for his wife as they led him to a corral behind Pfout's place. A rider galloped for Ravenswood to bring Slade's wife. The crowd stopped beneath the corral gateposts. A plank was laid across the top and a rope fastened to it and a dry goods box served as a platform.

A few of Slade's friends arrived and one of them, when the death sentence was read, turned away crying. Another, with a little more backbone, threw off his coat and cried, "The man who hangs him has got to kill me first." There was a shuffling among the crowd as a hundred revolvers were drawn and cocked. Slade's friend backed down and, with a hurried glance at Slade, walked away.

Jack Slade, as were many other brave men of those days, was a coward at the sight of a noosed rope hanging over him. He had to be forced onto the box and he cringed back when the noose was draped around his neck. Tears forming in his eyes, he cried, "My God! Must I die? My dear wife. Oh, God, must I die?"

The box was kicked away and Jack Slade dropped.

They cut him down and carried him to the Virginia Hotel where a large crowd gathered to see this dead man who had once been the most feared thing on the Overland Trail.

The crowd was still there when Slade's widow galloped in on a coal-black stallion, two pistols at her hips. But she was too late. Turning to the committee members standing in the shadows, she spat out probably the hottest words a woman ever uttered. Why, she wanted to know, had they let a man like her husband be hanged when they could at least have shot him and allowed him to die like a man. She would have done it herself to save him from the rope, she cried. She had a tin coffin built then and, when her husband had been lain in it, filled it with whiskey and sealed it tight. When the roads were fit for travel that spring, she took the coffin to Utah for burial.

Widow Slade wasn't about to let them bury her man in Montana.

Madstones and Hydrophobia Skunks

(Continued from page 21)

be helpful by someone possessing a madstone. In 1955, W. F. Kahlden of Houston, who was born in 1874, sent me the following account:

"We were farming in Fayette County, Texas, when at the age of seven I was bitten on the toe by a water moccasin. I ran as fast as I could to the house and told my mother. She called a field hand and told him to take me to the house of a poor Indian about a mile away, who had what people called the Indian Madstone . . . He never asked for pay and provided food and shelter free . . . By the time we had gone half a mile my leg and foot were so swollen that I could no longer walk. The field hand picked me up in his arms and carried me on . . . The Indian Madstone was already heating in milk . . . He placed the flat surface against the wound and it adhered until it was full of poisonous matter. When he boiled it, poisonous-looking bubbles came to the surface . . . It was thirty days before I could walk, and a black band showed around my waist for years, but I recovered fully from a very poisonous bite."

Most doctors would say that the patient would have recovered sooner without any madstone treatment if he had not run and walked so much following the bite. The remedies that doctors before Pasteur had for hydrophobia were no more valid scientifically than the madstone treatment.

In the way that certain old-time hard cases turned to God at the end of their power to go on sinning, some people turned to madstones; they might not believe fully, but there wasn't anything else at all to believe in. Abraham Lincoln was supposed to have said that faith in madstones "looked like a superstition," but that belief in them by country people based on "actual experiment" made him accept it. Like madstones, much attributed to Lincoln is folklore. Albert Beveridge cited testimony that Lincoln took his son Robert, after he had been bitten by a dog, to a madstone at Terre Haute, Indiana. The way an Indiana doctor I know heard it, Lincoln's father took him, as a boy, to a stone in Brazil, Indiana. Well, Brazil isn't far from Terre Haute. Faith of our fathers—

COWBOY talk on the subject overheard by Owen Wister in Wyoming and fancied up for fiction illustrates the final farce that all sorts of "faiths" can be brought to. The following extract is from Wister's *The Virginian*, published in 1902:

"Speakin' of bites," spoke up a new man, "how's that?" He held up his thumb.

"My!" breathed Scipio. "Must have been a lion."

The man wore a wounded look. "I was huntin' owl eggs for a botanist from Boston," he explained . . . "them little prairie owls that some claim can turn their head clean around and keep a-watchin' yu', only that's nonsense . . . I wanted to know about them owls myself—if they did live with the dogs and snakes . . .

". . . I was diggin' in a hole I'd seen an owl run down. And that's what I got." He held up his thumb again.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Rattler was keepin' house that day . . . I hauled him out of the hole hangin' onto me. Eight rattles."

"Eight!" said I. "A big one."

"Yes, sir. Thought I was dead. But the woman—"

"The woman?" said I.

"Yes, woman. Didn't I tell yu' the botanist had his wife along? Well, he did. And she acted better than the man, for he was losin' his head, and shoutin' he had no whiskey, and he didn't guess his knife was sharp enough to amputate my thumb . . . the doctor

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was twenty miles away . . . But she just clawed his pocket . . . and kep' yelling, 'Give him the stone, Augustus!'

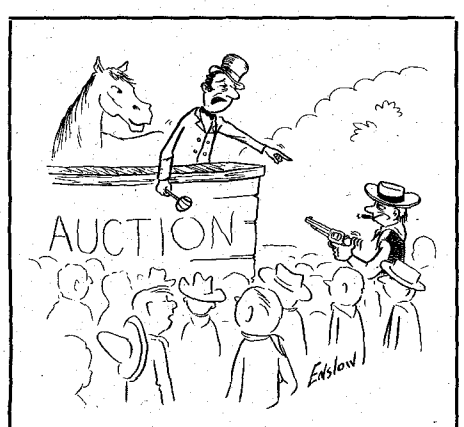
"And she whipped out one of them Injun medicine-stones—first one I ever seen—and she clapped it on my thumb, and it started in right away."

"What did it do?" said I.

"Sucked. Like blotting paper does. Soft and funny it was, and gray. They get 'em from elks' stomachs, yu' know. And when it had sucked the poison out of the wound, off it falls off my thumb by itself! And I thanked the woman for saving my life. . . . I never knowed how excited she had been until afterward. She was awful shocked."

"I suppose she started to talk when the danger was over," said I, with deep silence around me.

"No; she didn't say nothing to me. But when her next child was born, it had eight rattles."



"Sold! To the gentleman with the pearl handle revolver."

I Tackled a Grizzly With a .22 Hi-Power!

(Continued from page 33)

half expecting to sight the outlaw at any moment. At the same time I kept tab of his tracks in the trail, not wanting to overrun him, if he turned off into the forest.

Then I came to his cache. Fresh earth, sticks and debris of the forest had been scraped over to a log. I stopped and kicked into the pile, feeling something solid underneath. As I did, I kept glancing ahead and through the trees.

Not far ahead they thinned out into an open park. The thought flashed through my mind that the trail crossed this park.

I kicked harder at the buried object and uncovered a corner of a slab of bacon. I reached down and pulled it out. The bear had carried it from the camp, and cached it beside the log.

As I bent over, a pistol-like report rang out. I recognized it as splintering wood. Suddenly I had a strong hunch that the bear had bedded down at the edge of that clearing, heard me kicking out his cache, and had crashed out of his bed and was now fleeing along the trail heading across the clearing. That's where I'd get some shooting! I ran up the trail to get in position.

I HADN'T taken ten steps, when I saw the grizzly—not running away. He was coming toward me! Mad as hell, he was on the prod and in a killing mood.

I'll grant you enough things had happened to him that morning to make him mad—what with gnawing hunger pangs, getting burned, and now having someone rob his cache!

He was sidling at a fast trot down the trail toward me. Just beyond, I caught a glimpse of an aspen that had been bitten half in two by the bear in his first demonstration of anger. Grizzly-like, when he'd heard me robbing his cache, he'd stood up out of his bed and reached as high as he could on the nearest aspen and tore out a section. That accounted for the sound of splintering wood.

The grizzly was snorting and moaning as he loped toward me on the bias, exposing his huge, thickly-matted shoulder to me. His shoulders were high—higher than a grizzly usually carries them—and I noticed he was thin from long hibernation. The muscles rippled and rolled visibly under the heavy coat. Every movement he made as he came toward me spelled rage and anger.

When I first saw the bear he wasn't more than twenty-five yards away. The brush was too thick at that distance to risk a shot, so I waited until he was closer, at about twenty yards when I drew down on his ear. He was coming almost directly toward me on all fours now—his head low, and his shoulders hunched. The dust flew from his ear as I squeezed the first one off, and I felt great relief. The rifle was shooting true.

The big brute squealed loudly. His jaws began snapping as that bullet hit, but he never bobbled in his approach. Just came faster.

I levered another into the chamber and squeezed it off into his ear. He bawled again, his lips peeled back and his fangs gleamed in the early sun. My shot never fazed him. If I hadn't seen the dust fly, I couldn't have known I was hitting him, except for the increased noise he was making.

I've depended on my rifle so long that I automatically keep track of every shot I make, mentally computing the reserve in the magazine. Now I had three left.

I deliberately held fire until he was less than fifteen yards away before I squeezed off the third shot. It smacked right into the ear. The bear bellowed louder than ever, roaring and snorting with each step, but he still kept coming, angling toward me, head low, shoulders up, hindquarters trailing.

I was fascinated, and beginning to feel fear for the first time since the grizzly had started his deliberate advance. It couldn't be called a charge, and yet he closed the distance between us faster than I liked.

Two left in the magazine, and I levered one of these into the chamber.

At less than ten yards I aimed again at his ear. And this time I couldn't help but notice the higher angle of fire. I squeezed it off.

Blood shot from his mouth and nostrils, squirting out under pressure as he bawled at the impact of the fourth shot in his ear. But on he came, bleeding at every grunting, bawling squeal. That shot was the only one that had any visible effect on the infuriated beast at all, and that wasn't enough, it was plain.

Fear had me by the throat and chest

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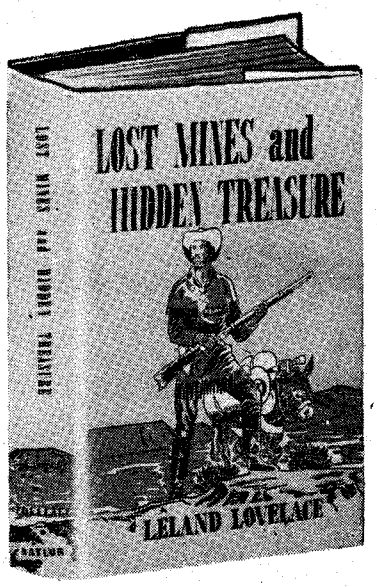

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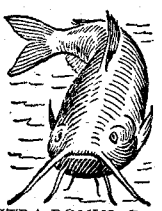

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in a steadily tightening grip, as the bear continued to move forward. I levered the last shell in the chamber.

I held my last shot until he was less than a rifle-length away, and as he rose, I gave it to him—this time at his backbone, just back of the shoulders.

The moment I squeezed I turned to run, and as I whirled I saw the bear's hindquarters collapse. As I watched, he pulled himself toward me with his still-powerful but now failing front legs. He died hardly a pace from my feet, pouring blood as he made one last effort to reach me with those powerful, snapping jaws.

For a few minutes I was as badly panicked as the sheepherder had been. I had to sit down to stop shaking, but after that was all over I was curious as to what had happened to my shots. So I started skinning the brute.

Three of the four shots I'd poured in his ear had deflected up into the big muscle covering the brain pan. The fourth, the last one to his ear and having a slightly different angle of aim because of the bear being closer, had been deflected into his throat where it had cut the main artery in the neck. This accounted for the spurting blood following that fourth shot. Even so, the bear had plenty left to finish his charge and me if the fifth one at close range hadn't broken his back.

That last shot saved me from four-footed death in Wyoming—the closest call I ever had during more than thirty years of hunting North American big game.

He Guards the Ghosts

(Continued from page 15)

had lived to become famous as "Cattle Queen of New Mexico," and had passed her declining years in this old ghost town of White Oaks.

"Here's where we buried Governor McDonald," went on Dave Jackson, indicating a large granite marker a few steps from Susan's grave. "Fine old man, Bill McDonald. Had a law office in White Oaks all during the boom days. Later, he got into politics and was elected first governor of New Mexico after its admission as a state.

"Emerson Hough, the writer, was another early lawyer here. In 1883, when he was just a young cub fresh out of law school, he opened an office here in partnership with Eli Chandler. They handled some important mine litigation, but Hough didn't have much liking for the law. Spent most of his time hanging around the office of the White Oaks *Golden Era*. Occasionally he wrote news items and short pieces for the paper—probably the first stuff he ever had printed.

"Oh, I'll tell you," declared the old man, "White Oaks was a mighty important place sixty or seventy years ago, and it still would be if the railroad had come when we needed it."

He then told me about the fugitive Wilson and how he made the discovery of gold that set the whole territory on fire. The mountain on which it was made later became Baxter Mountain, named after the man who unknowingly ladled out a little hospitality in exchange for a mountain of gold.

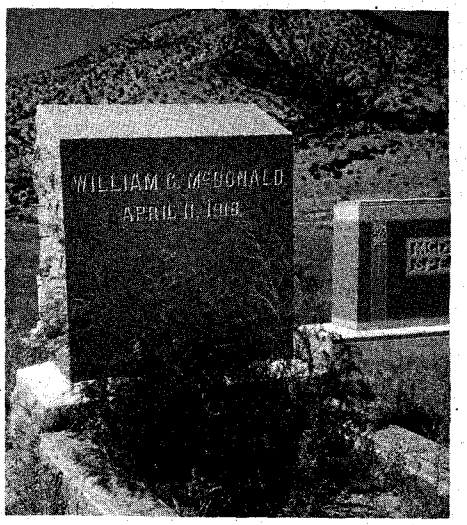
CLOSE ON the heels of Wilson's strike came discovery of the Old Abe Mine, slated to yield more than $3,000,000. With that development, the stampede to White Oaks was officially launched.

Nothing like that stampede had been seen in the entire history of New Mexico. Nothing like it has ever been seen there again.

Not only was that "rush" marked by the usual excitement, free and easy money, frontier exuberance and hard characters common to all boom camps; but here were the additional pot-boilers of political upheaval and geographical immensity.

To every side of White Oaks—and particularly, over the range on the Rio Bonito and the Ruidoso—hard-riding, hard-shooting men were exterminating each other in that bloodiest of all frontier affrays, the Lincoln County War. Then raging at its peak, it was a fight to the death with no advantages barred—neighbor pitted against neighbor, friend against former friend.

Lincoln County, at that time, was a wild and lawless realm, 250 miles in length and 160 miles wide—its 27,000 square miles of territory representing an area but slightly smaller than the entire state of New York! With almost



Grave of William C. McDonald, former White Oaks lawyer and first governor of New Mexico under statehood.

total lack of transportation, communication facilities, roads and law enforcement officers, this land formed perfect sanctuary for gunmen fleeing from the hot lead of Texas lawmen and Mexican *rurales*.

And now, to this devil's brew, had come a gold stampede with ore running thousands of dollars to the ton!

One of the first effects of the gold rush was to touch off a wild speculation in real estate, with thousands of dollars being demanded—and paid—for building lots in the business section of the newly-surveyed townsite.

With the initial rush there had burgeoned a motley collection of rag-tag saloons, clip joints, greasy-spoon restaurants and bawdy houses, but within a year, most of these dives were replaced with buildings of better quality construction and more select occupants. In October, 1880, daily mail service was inaugurated between White Oaks and Socorro. Two months later, the first copies of the White Oaks *Golden Era* were snatched from the press by a news-hungry throng. With the opening of Starr's Opera House, all miners in the district declared a holiday so that Mitchell's Dramatic Troupe might play the

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opening engagement to a capacity house. Names of doctors and lawyers appeared on second floor windows; lodges were organized and a school established. Money flowed like water, and important mining tycoons and glib promoters thronged the hotel lobbies.

White Oaks, in short, had all the appurtenances of an up-to-date city, with one exception—accessibility.

It did not matter that this was the heyday of the empire builder; that pine ties and steel rails were spider-webbing across the nation in every direction and titans of transportation were growing opulent. White Oaks still groveled in the horse-and-buggy era. White Oaks still was dependent upon saddle horses and and stagecoaches, upon buckboards and mule-drawn freight wagons, and ox teams. Coincident with her gold development, important coal deposits had been discovered at The Oaks; but for all its value to that locality, their product had as well been the black lava rock of the *mal pais*. Every lump of coal shipped to an outside market, every ton of ore removed from White Oaks' mines, faced the nearly-prohibitive cost of be-

Now vacant, this building formerly housed a general store and post office in White Oaks, with professional offices on the second floor.

ing wagon-freighted to El Paso, 140 miles to the south, or across the *mal pais* to the Santa Fe connection near Socorro, 100 miles to the west. Hundreds of tons of supplies and building material had been freighted from Las Vegas, 150 miles to the north.

EVEN AS EARLY as 1881, the Santa Fe railroad had considered building a branch line from San Antonio, New Mexico, to White Oaks, but had discarded the idea as impractical. Every new proposal, every rumor of a projected railroad, sent hopes blooming anew. Of all the grandiloquent plans that momentarily buoyed the hopes of White Oaks, few progressed beyond the point of franchises and optimistic editorials in local newspapers.

There was the White Oaks & Kansas City railroad, the Clayton, White Oaks & Pacific and half a dozen others. Concerning this multiplicity of roads—all non-existent—the editor of a White Oaks newspaper remarked caustically: "Quite a number of new railroads are being built into White Oaks just now—on paper . . . They say the managers of the Denver & El Paso are 'saying nothing, but are sawing wood.' Must have enough sawed by this time to supply the road with fuel for a year or two—when they get it in operation."

Morris R. Locke and Associates, in 1889, began actual construction of a railroad from El Paso to White Oaks, but after laying ten miles of track, grading the roadbed for another ten miles, and sinking $170,000 in the venture, the company gave a last futile gasp and drowned in the slough of bankruptcy. When Jay Gould, greatest railroad financier of his day, purchased the assets of this defunct company for $50,000, all White Oaks rejoiced. Given Gould's millions to back the road, there seemed no reason why construction should not be rushed to completion; and given the accessibility afforded by a railroad, nothing could stay the progress of the town!

But even the multi-millionaires make mistakes. After more thorough investigation of the property, Jay Gould declared the road infeasible, washed his hands of the affair, and pocketed his loss.

Then came Charles B. Eddy. Good ol' Charlie! Fine man, said White Oaks. Wonderful connections. Plenty of Eastern capital. If Charlie Eddy undertook building a railroad to White Oaks, Charlie would *build* it!

Incorporated in 1897 as the El Paso & Northwestern, work was begun at once. Hundreds of men and teams soon were grading and laying track. By the summer of 1899, Eddy's road had been completed to White Oaks Junction—only an hour's travel by team and wagon from the mining camp farther up the canyon—and the city fathers were perfecting plans to welcome the road's arrival with stirring martial music and patriotic oratory.

The only disturbing detail was an annoying and persistent rumor that the road would not be continued to White Oaks, but would veer off toward Capitan, where Eddy was heavily interested in the Salado coal field.

Seeking to forestall any such digression, the 2,000 citizens of White Oaks proffered a juicy subsidy. Were the line completed to White Oaks, as originally scheduled, the town agreed to give the company forty acres of land for terminals, plus nine miles of cost-free right-of-way and an outright payment of $50,000 in cash.

But Charles B. Eddy—good ol' Charlie

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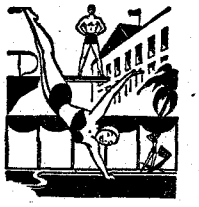

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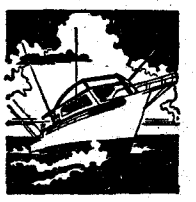

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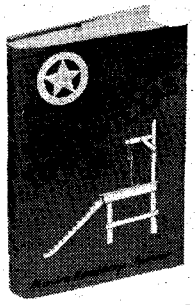

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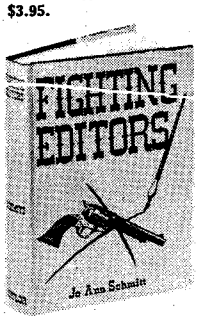

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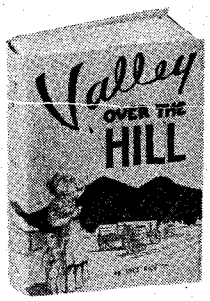

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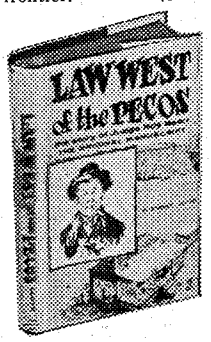

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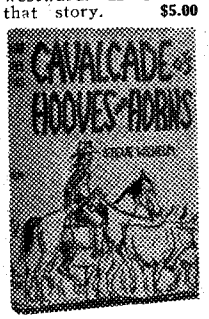

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—no longer was interested in White Oaks, its potentialities, or its subsidies.

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AFTER DEVOTING twenty years to fighting for rail connections, only to have that boon snatched from their grasp when but five or six miles from the heart of town, the people of White Oaks seemed to sense in that development a hint of ill omen. "What was the trouble?" they asked one another. Could it be that the camp was through—washed up—and that Gould, Eddy and the others were wise enough to see it?

It was not a reassuring thought; but try as a man would to put it out of his mind, it continued to nag like the Voice of Conscience. Maybe it would be wiser, whispered that Voice, to take a small loss and get out, rather than hang on and wait for the bust-up.

And so, the out-pouring began.

The town went down rapidly, until all that remained was a handful of its staunchest supporters—among them, my chance-met friend of the cemetery, Dave Jackson.

"I don't know just why some of us stayed," said the old man reminiscently. "Maybe we expected the camp to 'come back' . . . maybe we just liked it as a place to live."

WE HAD BEEN sitting on the crisp oak leaves near the gate of the graveyard, with the warm October sun lying pleasantly on our backs. As Dave's story reached its conclusion, we rose and started up the rocky road toward a cluster of gaunt buildings visible in the near distance.

Wandering through the deserted main street of White Oaks, I tried to recapture that scene as the old man pictured it; but to reinvest a ghost town with the pulsing life it once knew is not an easy undertaking.

Somewhere along this street had stood the Little Casino where Madame Varnish dealt faro and practiced the slick ways that inspired her nickname. Here the young outlaw, Billy the Kid, had taken his swashbuckling way; here the lanky sheriff, Pat Garrett, had pursued criminals and made campaign speeches. Here had been experienced all the griefs and triumphs of life—but only emptiness and loneliness, and a great and abiding peace, remained.

Our way took us past the Hewitt Block, a splendid structure of beautifully-dressed stone. Not far distant stood another large stone business block, formerly occupied by stores and second-floor offices. Elsewhere over the townsite were smaller stone structures, a few crumbling adobes, a handful of frame buildings with false fronts. The yard of a fine school-house was overgrown with weeds, and it was apparent that many a year had slipped by since its bell had last summoned classes.

High on a sunburned hillside overlooking the town stood a great castle-like structure, as stern as a Puritan's conscience, and three stories in height.

"That's Hoyle's Folly," said Dave. "There's quite a story behind it . . ."

Matt Hoyle, it seems, had loved a girl in the East; and, like the knights of old, had ridden forth into the wilds to prove his worthiness and to amass a fortune. Ambitious and enterprising by nature, he eventually became superintendent of the Old Abe Mine and, in time, came to own a large financial interest in that important property.

When Matt figured he had accumulated enough worldly goods to support a wife in frontier elegance, he built the big stone castle at a cost of $40,000—not exactly chicken-feed in those pre-inflation days of the 1880's. As soon as the great house was finished, complete with winding stairways, marble fireplaces and rooms paneled in cherry wood, Matt took steps to claim his bride-to-be.

But something went wrong. No one at White Oaks ever knew the exact nature of the trouble. Maybe one of the hometown boys had muscled in during Matt's absence; or maybe his intended bride didn't fancy the idea of living in the wilderness. The marriage, at least, never took place, and Matt never occupied the castle.

Legend says he jumped down the shaft of the Old Abe mine and the castle has been haunted ever since by his ghost; but according to Dave, that's just a lot of nonsense.

"No," he said, "Matt was still hale and hearty when he left White Oaks about 1900. He went to Colorado and, eventually, to New York City, where he acquired an apartment house and lived to a ripe old age."

But the "Folly" still stands on the hill—aloof, reproving, censoring and cold. If the place *isn't* haunted, some ghost is overlooking a wonderful opportunity.

ABOUT A YEAR after my introduction to White Oaks and Dave Jackson, I was again in Carrizozo. Because I felt a strange sort of pull toward the old mining camp, I again headed out the rocky road toward Baxter mountain.

I found Dave still busy enough for any two men. He looked not a day older; his infectious grin still was as good as a tonic. All this was as I had remembered it—the way I had hoped to find it. But, elsewhere in the town, big changes were taking place. Where the handsome Hewitt Block had stood only a year previously, there remained only shattered stone and broken plaster, and already the wrecking crew was eying its next target a short distance down the street. Some rancher near Tularosa had bought all the better buildings of the town, and was salvaging the stone, brick and timbers for re-use, said Dave. And, suddenly, all the smile was gone from his voice.

"Yep," he said, "they're pulling the foundations out from under us. But a few of us old 'die-hards' will stick to the camp as long as there's a foot of ground to stand on . . ."

Later that afternoon I left the old man standing in the doorway of his little cabin, his eyes fixed on main street, a block away, where a rugged old stone building was being destroyed by the battering of human termites.

But, although he seemed to be looking at that building, I don't think that Dave Jackson was seeing it—nor even the white dust rising from its tortured stones and plaster, or the wrecking crew bent on its destruction. From his expression, I am sure he was looking beyond that beleaguered building to a White Oaks fifty years gone, and invisible to my eyes—a White Oaks where all the buildings were new and bright and splendid, where there was Big Talk of a railroad soon to come, and even the lowliest Bohunk miner strode through the streets with his head in the clouds and yellow gold pieces clinking in his pockets.

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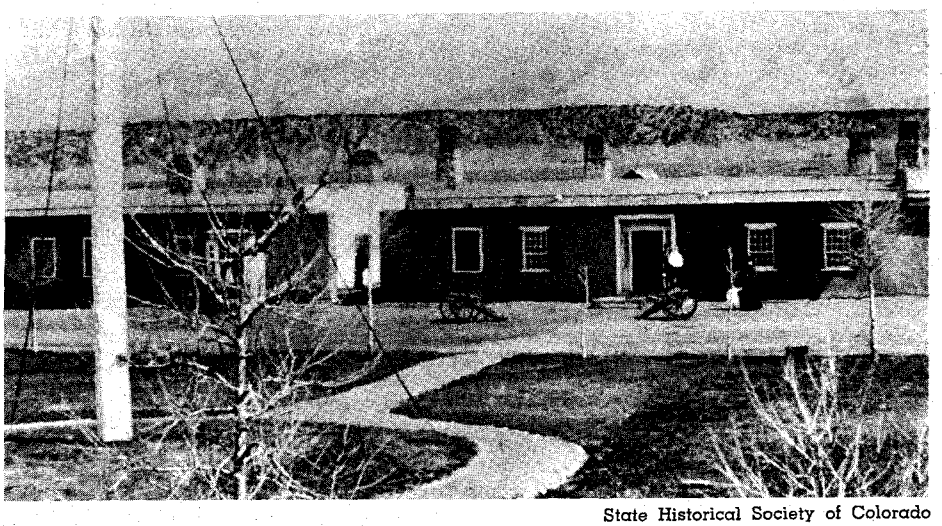

State Historical Society of Colorado

The commanding officers quarters at Fort Garland, taken March 12, 1872.

Bloody Trail of the Espinosas

(Continued from page 13)

Word had not yet reached Fairplay regarding the true identity of the murderers. Consequently, panic and suspicion and demand for quick capture supplanted any organized plan of action. A dozen mounted men raced up the trail to Cottage Grove. They combed the gulch for miles around, but no trace of the killers was found. While the posse searched the gulch clear to Montgomery, the Espinosas were retracing their shortcut back to Red Hill Pass. No doubt they felt thwarted at Metcalf's escape and burned with fiendish lust to make up the loss. Again they hid in the bushes and waited. Again two men were coming up the pass from the east. They were Fred Lehman and his partner, Seyga, who ran the general store in California Gulch, eighteen miles over Mosquito Pass. Both were dropped in their tracks and left lying. The bloody crusaders then rode down the crest of Red Hill, southward.

That afternoon a traveler came riding into Fairplay with the terrifying announcement that he had passed two dead men lying in the road on Red Hill Pass. It was hardly believable—four men had now been murdered there! Two soldiers from a detachment at Fairplay were sent out to bring in the bodies. When they arrived at the Pass, they spied a man coming up the trail and instinctively reached for their guns. When the man saw the soldiers' action, he dropped the bundle he was carrying and dashed off into the timber. The soldiers gave chase. It was a case of mistaken identity all the way around.

Meanwhile, the soldiers had been followed by men from Fairplay. When they arrived at Red Hill Pass, they found the bodies still lying in the road. They could tell from the scene that the soldiers had given chase to someone and had headed down the hill. Hurriedly, they gathered up the bodies and rushed back to town. There, the mounted pallbearers shouted to the mob that had gathered that one of the killers had been spotted and was at that moment being pursued by the soldiers down Red Hill. A score of horsemen took off down the Park to head off the quarry and bring him back for a necktie party. But the elusive "killer" managed to escape both the mounted mob and the soldiers and late in the evening staggered into Fairplay. He fell prostrate on the floor of the first cabin he reached, near death from exhaustion. When the mob rode back into town, they discovered his presence. Immediately a rope was produced and the crazed men began to drag the conscious, but speechless, "killer" out to be hanged. At this juncture, Father Dyer, an itinerant Methodist preacher known and revered in the mining camps, stepped forward and identified the young man. He was John Foster, proprietor of a hotel in California Gulch. The fever of the mob was quieted for the moment.

Just after dark, another traveler reached Fairplay with the news that there was a "stranger" staying that night at a sheepman's cabin just over Red Hill. Off went the mob. Arriving at the cabin, they shouted for the man of the house to surrender the "stranger" or have his house burned down and himself and his family shot. The owner of the cabin protested that the "stranger" was a godly man enroute to California Gulch. The mob refused to believe him. They placed some brush against the cabin and set it afire. The householder shot into them, killing a mule from under one of the riders. This whipped the mob into a frenzy and they yelled for blood. At this point, the "stranger" came to the door, told them who he was and agreed to sacrifice his life to save the lives of his host and family if there were no other way. He was grabbed before he finished talking. The mob started toward Fairplay with their "killer." They hanged him to a tree on the outskirts of town. The "stranger" was later identified as a Mr. Baxter on his way to California Gulch to enter business.

MEANWHILE, when the reward had been posted and the names of the killers made known, vigilantes at California Gulch under John McCannon set out to trail the Espinosas to their lair. They rode first into Fairplay and gathered up recruits for their posse. The vigilantes vowed that they would bring in the killers or never return to Fairplay. They scoured the southern end of the Park, finally striking tracks of two ponies.

Feeling confident they were at last on the right trail, the vigilantes trailed their quarry to a weird canyon on the

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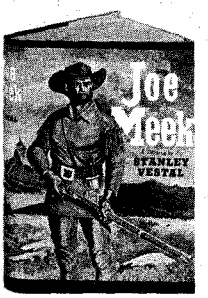

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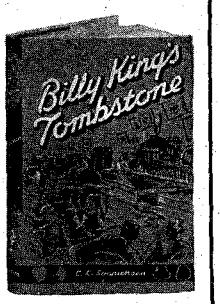

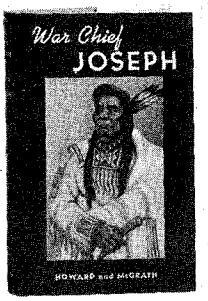

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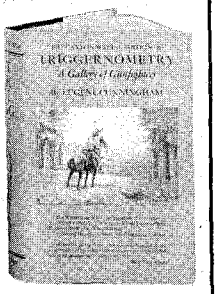

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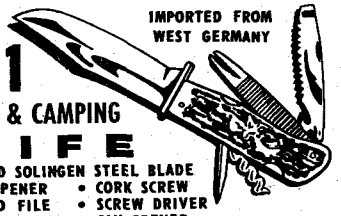

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west side of Four-Mile Creek in Fremont County. Here two men had camped on a little mesa near a spring. The posse camped without fire that night.

Early next morning they crawled close to the edge of the mesa. A Mexican pony was hobbled and standing in an opening. A big man walked into the opening and began unhobbling the pony. He was very dark and he wore a large white felt hat! A premature shot fired by a vigilante with a nervous trigger finger spoiled the ambush. The big Mexican yelled and fell over. The other Mexican appeared on the rim of the mesa. He put a hole through the rim of McCannon's hat with a quick snap shot. Then he took to the woods on foot, leaving his saddlebags and horse behind.

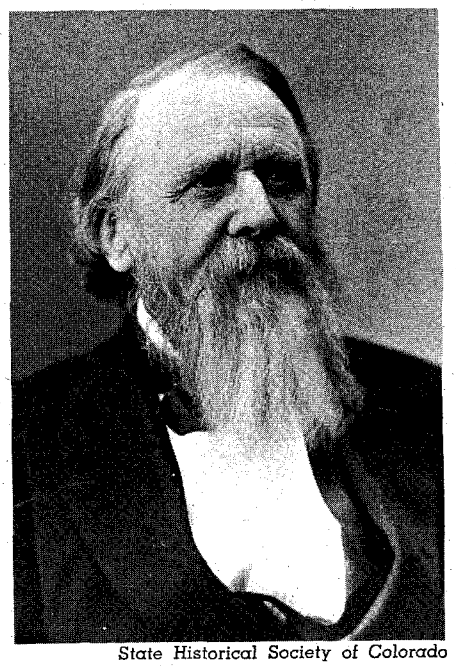
One of the members of the posse, whose brother had been killed by the Espinosas, asked the privilege of placing a bullet between the fallen Mexican's eyes to match him with his many victims. No one objected. He was identified as Victorio (also known as Vivian) Espinosa. In the saddlebags left by the other Mexican, Old Esp himself, the vigilantes found two Bibles printed in Spanish. Both contained references to certain passages Old Esp had jotted down. He was, it was learned later, a religious fanatic.

WHEN THE posse returned to California Gulch, they left the impression somehow that they had slain old Esp and there was a general celebration. Their error became plain enough a few days later when two men were found in Conejos County with bullet holes between their eyes, and both bodies subjected to crude surgery.

Old Esp was now hiding out in the wilds of the mountains near Fort Garland with a young relative he had picked up, one Julian Espinosa. On September 5, 1863, they were riding along the road when they came upon a buggy drawn by a pair of mules. In the buggy were a man and girl, a citizen of Colorado named Bill Philbrook and the daughter of a prominent rancher, Señorita Dolores Sanchez. Old Esp rode up and shot both mules with a rifle. The occupants of the rig leaped out and took to opposite sides of the canyon, followed by the Espinosas. Philbrook managed to elude pursuit and make his way to Fort Garland. The girl was less fortunate. After being cruelly used by the Espinosas, she was bound and left in the brush. Old Esp promised to return later and free her.

When Colonel Tappan at Fort Garland heard Philbrook's story, he immediately sent out a patrol. They encountered the girl walking along the road. She had managed to free herself and escape before the Espinosas returned.

Tom Tobin, veteran Indian scout said to have had the ability to track a grasshopper through sagebrush, was assigned to hunt down the Espinosas and destroy them. Tobin wanted to tackle the job alone, or take only one or two men of his own choosing with him, but Colonel Tappan wouldn't hear of it. He detailed fifteen soldiers under Lieutenant H. W. Baldwin to accompany the scout.



State Historical Society of Colorado

Tom Tobin (left) in his buckskin suit and Governor John Evans (right).

Tobin found the fugitives the very first day out, but they got away, tipped off by the noise of the troopers' horses. Next morning, Tobin managed to get all but two men "lost" from the detail so that he would have less noise to contend with.

Three days later, Tobin and his two companions came upon the trail of a pair of oxen along La Veta Creek. Examining the tracks, he discovered that the oxen were driven by two men, one of whom he identified from moccasin prints as Old Esp. But let Tobin himself tell it, just as he did in the report filed at Fort Garland:

"Soon found they had let one of the oxen go. I knew then they had taken the other ox to their camp to butcher him. . . . Many places I would crawl under the fallen timber to keep the direction they were driving the ox, till I got to where I could see their tracks again. I saw some crows flying around

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in a circle. I told the soldiers I thought they had killed the ox. . . . I went on about a hundred yards further. I discovered some magpies flying around. I watched carefully and soon located their camp. I told the soldiers not to speak, if I raised my hand to squat down and cock their guns but not to fire unless I told them to.

"I took a step or two in front and saw the head of one of the assassins. At this time I stepped on a stick . . . he heard it crack and looked and saw me. He jumped and grabbed his gun. Before he turned around fairly, I fired and hit him in the side; he bellowed like a bull and cried out, 'Jesus, favor me!' Then he cried to his companion, 'Escape, I am killed!' . . .

". . . I tipped my powder horn in my rifle, dropped a bullet from my mouth into the muzzle of my gun while I was capping it. A fellow came out of the ravine, running to an undergrowth. I yelled, 'Shoot him, boys!' The others fired and missed him. I threw up my gun and broke his back above the hips."

But Tobin did not record the fact that Old Esp was defiant to the last. The scout walked up to Espinosa (Felipe), caught him by the hair and stretched his neck across a fallen tree, according to stories told later by the soldiers. Tobin then drew his knife and took a healthy whack at the Mexican's neck. Old Esp rolled his eyes upward.

"Por favor," he is reported to have yelled. "Hurry! That knife you have is very dull."

Tobin took the heads of the two Espinosas to Governor Evans to collect the reward. There was no money in the Territorial treasury to pay him, the governor said, but with his own funds, Evans bought Tobin a buckskin suit and an expensive muzzle-loading rifle. Later Tobin collected $500 of the reward from Territorial Governor McCook, and $1,000 more when Colorado became a state. The Espinosas' heads were preserved and displayed at Fort Garland. It is claimed they were exhibited by various carnival shows.

The bloody trail of the Espinosas had ended. Esp, the old butcher, got something out of it, after all. Espinosa Peak was named after him.

The Valley of Death

(Continued from page 29)

desperate fight had taken place, the outcome still frighteningly uncertain.

CARRINGTON REACHED for the bell-rope and sounded a general alarm. His face taut, the colonel hustled down the stairs. Lieutenant Wands, officer of the day, came running from the guardhouse.

"Dispatch a courier to the wood train!" barked the colonel. "I want that escort back here immediately. And tell Captain Ten Eyck to assemble Company B. He will go to the relief of Captain Fetterman behind Lodge Trail Ridge!"

Ten Eyck was unaccountably slow. Instead of the usual five, it took his relief party twelve minutes—twelve precious, vital minutes—to get started. On top of that he chose the long way to reach the scene. It was a strange and untimely lapse for an experienced officer. Watching, Carrington gripped the glasses until his fingers turned white. The lapse was never explained.

A long, dread-filled hour passed. From the snowy heights of Cloud Peak to the distant Bad Lands only the yelp of a hungry coyote broke the stillness. Inside the fort wives gathered to seek the comfort of a common fear, while the children, sensing the suspense, went quietly about their play. The ominous news had spread like a brushfire to every corner. Blacksmiths laid down their tools, teamsters quit their poker games, to stand gazing toward that ridge.

By now Kearny had been dangerously weakened. Ten Eyck had gone off with ninety-four men while the wood train guard, numbering fifty-five, hadn't yet come back. And Fetterman's eighty men were still missing—perhaps forever. So that left a mere skeleton force to hold the fort. Prisoners were freed, hospital patients sorted over and civilian employees called out. Still the muster was only 125 men. But the walls of the fort measured 600 by 800 feet; there weren't enough defenders to man them. And perilously near, a foe ten times their strength was lusting for white men's blood.

At last the wood train escort returned and shortly Ten Eyck's party also came galloping up to the gate. Actually, they'd been out a surprisingly brief time. As they filed through, the men were grim-faced and silent.

The battle, reported their captain, was over. Arriving at the scene, his party had spotted no sign of Fetterman's. Instead, the valley beyond Lodge Trail Ridge swarmed with thousands of yelling Indians. Frantically, they rode back and forth, brandishing their weapons. They tried to lure Ten Eyck into a fight but the Captain, seeing nothing to gain, had wisely held back. Soon the redskins lost interest and went away.

The relief then rode down to explore the valley. What they found was sickening beyond belief.

Atop a small knoll, in a rocky enclosure less than forty feet square, the naked bodies of forty-nine white men—Captains Fetterman and Brown among them—lay clustered. The bodies were hideously mangled. Heads were split open, sinews ripped from the bone and torsos butchered with fiendish strokes. No touch of horror had been overlooked, no indignity spared. A quarter of a mile distant lay fourteen other remains, including those of Wheatley and Fisher, the two civilians who wanted action. No trace of the others, living or dead, was found.

Captain Ten Eyck's report stunned the post as if Cloud Peak had turned into a volcano and spewed a flood of lava. Before sundown wagons went out to gather up the remains, which were that evening wrapped in borrowed uniforms and decently buried. By that time the Indians were too busy celebrating to be a menace.

NEXT MORNING, despite bitter cold and protests of the drivers, the wagons went out again. Colonel Carrington took the lead. Eighteen other bodies were located, including that of Lieutenant Grummond, the group's only married man. This accounted for Fetterman's command. The massacre was complete.

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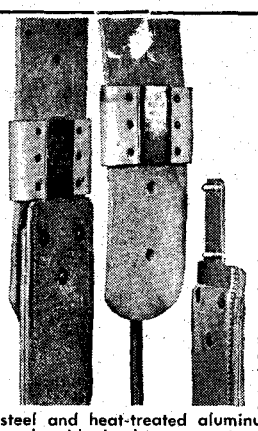

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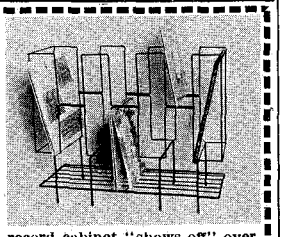

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Fetterman crossed the ridge he had followed a road leading toward Peno Creek. Coming to a slight rise he had left a rear guard and proceeded to the far end. There the Indians had struck. Surprised, the troopers had attempted a retreat which became a rout. Several dead horses lay with heads pointing toward the fort.

Six men, however, had stayed to fight it out. These were the oldest and most seasoned troopers. Their bodies, along with Wheatley's and Fisher's, were encircled with empty shells. The scouts' bodies were untouched. Farther back the rest of the force had been surrounded and slaughtered. Few had even fired a shot. Only six of the eighty-one men had been killed by bullets. Later, the War Department, in a cautiously worded report, stated "No such mutilation is on record."

But the Indians paid a price. Scattered here and there were sixty gouts of blood, each of which meant a dead Indian whose body had been removed. Somebody did some good shooting.

Later, the Indians confirmed this version. The actual attack had been led by High Backbone, under Red Cloud's supervision. Ten picked men had been sent to lure Fetterman into the valley. It was a perfect setting for a trap. The sides of the valley were laced with ravines, in which some 3,000 Sioux and Cheyennes lay hiding. At a signal they had risen like a tide, swarming over the hapless white men and erasing them forever. Red Cloud had hoped to draw out a sizeable rescue party. After cutting it down his plan was then to attack the weakened fort. This stratagem failed. It was the one happy aspect of this terrible day.

Why did the massacre have to happen? The big blame, of course, should be laid on Fetterman; he disobeyed orders, blandly and without good excuse. But what if these martyred troopers had been armed the way they should have been? Only fifty had Spencers, the new, repeating rifles that were available to other posts. The rest carried single-shot, muzzle-loading Springfields. In vain Carrington had pleaded for a full issue of the new weapon. Headquarters ignored him. Also, hardly more than half of Fetterman's men were equipped with revolvers.

But the Indians had Spencers. They could buy all of them they wanted from traders. In fact Commissioner Bogey, in as whopping a lie as ever came from any official, said, "The Indians were on a peaceful mission (to traders at the fort). They only wanted guns to hunt buffalo." By this time his face was probably redder than any Indian's.

Perhaps better arms and timely help from Ten Eyck might not have saved these men. Only they themselves could have known. Only doubt survived.

The Greatest Medicine Man

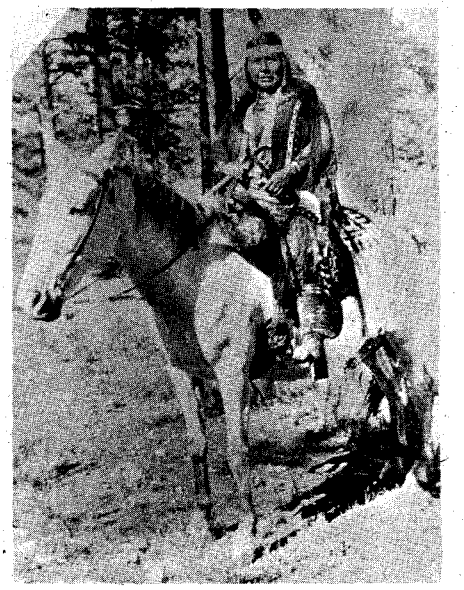
(Continued from page 31)

Geronimo men at that time, but with Mangas, son of Mangas Coloradas."

"This is me," said Jasper Kanseah, showing me a picture and pointing to the boyish figure seated by Yanosha beside the coach. "They held us in San Antonio several days—about three weeks I think. They put us in a camp under guard. George Wratten was with us. He was a White Eye but a good man, a true man. He was our interpreter and did not lie about what Geronimo said as Mickey Free did.

"We had tents and blankets but no arms. We had food. But every minute we expected to be taken out and shot. Nobody said it aloud. Geronimo had been promised that he would not die by bullets, but the rest had not.

"One day Mr. Wratten came to Geronimo (he was my uncle, too) and he said, 'Well, Geronimo, I have done all I can for you but I am afraid they are going to kill you and all your men. Maybe the women, too. (There were several of the warriors whose wives were with us.) General Miles put you on the train. Now the President and Secretary of War deny having authorized him to do so. And they don't know what to do. It looks like the easiest out for both is for you all to be killed trying to escape. I will not see you shot down unarmed. In my tent I have some weapons. And if attacked, you are to use them.'



Ramona Daklugie, wife of Asa Daklugie.

"'I will use them,' promised Geronimo. 'I will protect my people if I live. But for myself I do not fear for I have the word of Ussen. Who is the White Nantan to think he can pit his power against that of Ussen?'

"'I hope you are right,' replied Mr. Wratten, 'but I think some good weapons will help a lot.'

"That night we did not sleep well. And the next morning Mr. Wratten came again. 'Well, Geronimo, I guess you are right,' he said. 'Word came during the night that you are to be put back on the train and taken to Florida.'

"Geronimo nodded and smiled. 'Ussen,' he said. And he lived to fulfill the promise of the Creator.

"There was a time at Fort Sill when many took their sick to Geronimo to be healed," went on Kanseah. "We knew little of illness before we contacted the White Eyes. No colds, no pneumonia, no children's diseases. We had seen smallpox in Mexico. Along with other blessings of civilization and Christianity we got all these terrible things, and lice as well. Prisons were unknown to us, too; and bad women—Apache women were chaste. I wonder sometime why, with all their superior

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intelligence of which they boast so much, white people rush headlong toward destruction in far more cruel things than we ever knew.

"Worst of all, they have no respect for their God. Look how they use His name! In the Apache language there was no profanity. We had too much respect for Ussen to have such words. Yet they were the ones we learned first from soldiers, traders and Agents!

"There was a bad thing that happened at Fort Sill. Geronimo's daughter sickened and people thought she was witched. You know a witch sometimes brings evil upon the child of one he dislikes. Geronimo went to the Medicine Men and asked them to make the rites for determining the guilty person who persecuted his daughter. Worst of all, if the victim died, some of her years were added to those of the witch to prolong his life. Geronimo's daughter was very ill and Lot Eyelash, one of Geronimo's band, was the head Medicine Man. For four days and nights they sang and prayed for the sick girl.

"At the end of the rite, Geronimo demanded the name of the witch who was causing his daughter's death. But Eyelash shook his head and turned away. Geronimo insisted and again Eyelash refused to speak. Upon being asked the third time he said, 'I would prefer not to tell you. But you insist.' Then he spoke very softly, with his lips scarcely moving, 'You, yourself, are the man.'

"Geronimo bowed his head and strode hastily away. The daughter died."

I HAD HEARD this story from James Kaywaykla, and I watched carefully for the effect upon Asa Daklugie. He sat in silence for some time. Then he said, "They believed in such things. There are still people who do. Many were jealous of Geronimo and attributed his Power to witchcraft. There are people who think I am a witch. I know what it means to be suspected of witchcraft. It is a very serious offense. In the old days witches were put to death or banished. The latter was considered the worse punishment. I do not practice witchcraft, and I do not believe that Geronimo did, especially not against his own daughter. For he loved her dearly.

"I sat by Geronimo the night he died. I sat by him until almost dawn when he quit breathing. He suffered. But there were two things on his mind. One thing he dreaded was that his body might be exhumed as was that of Mangas Coloradas, and his head cut off so that the skull might be used for exhibit purposes to make money for the White Eyes. I promised him that guard would be kept over the approaches to the cemetery and that his grave would not be desecrated.

"The other thing was his concern for another daughter, Eva. 'Daklugie,' he said, 'you are her relative. You and Ramona are close to me. Be father and mother to my daughter.'

"'I will take her into my home and protect her as my own,' I told him.

"'And do not let her marry. For I fear that motherhood may cost her life.'

"'That I cannot promise', I told him. 'My mother took that risk. So did yours. Being your daughter, Eva probably will, and who but Ussen has the right to deny her the privilege of motherhood?'

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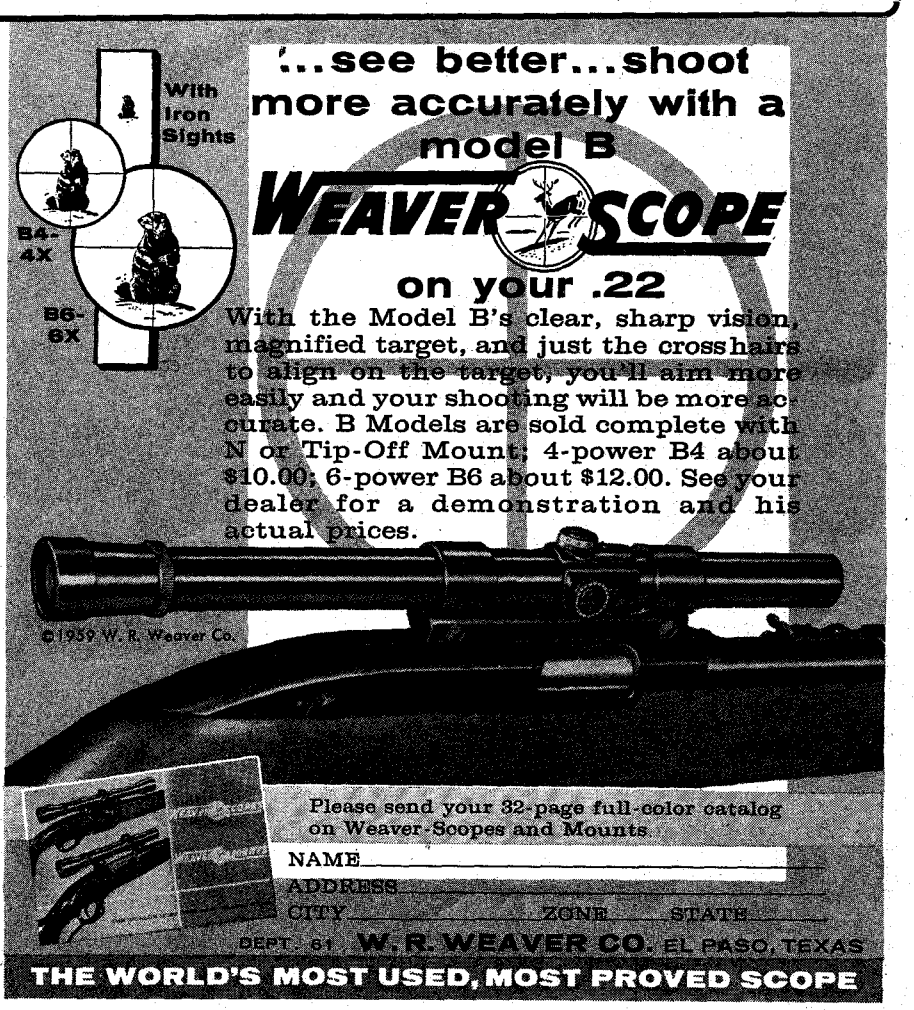

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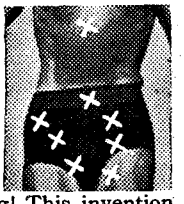

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"He nodded and closed his eyes.

"We did as I promised. We kept guard over the approaches to the cemetery. We took Eva into our home and our hearts. But when we made the ceremonial feast for her coming out, she had many suitors. Apache girls seldom marry immediately after their presentation. Parents wish them to wait for a year or two before assuming the responsibilities of a home and family. Ramona talked with the girl and told her of the danger confronting her if she attempted to bear a child.

"As I had feared, the warning had no effect when Eva met the young man of her choice. He sent his father to me to make arrangements for the marriage, and it was celebrated according to our custom as well as by a ceremony in the church. Marriage is the plan of Ussen, and what right had I to prevent it?

"As we had feared, Eva died when her child was born. We made medicine for her and we had all the help that could be given by the white doctors in the hospital.

"But Eva died.

"Geronimo was the greatest Medicine Man in Indian history, our people believe—but his Power came from his conviction and applied knowledge—and only Ussen knows how well . . ."

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

side with those lying across the hole. A pole across them formed a handle to the windlass whereby the waste and mineral were taken out. According to my way of locating mineral there is a large vein of gold and platinum leading from this place that I have traced for a couple of miles. My lack of finances is the only thing that keeps me from investigating further.

An old friend and his wife worked in a place for twelve years in search of treasure described in an old Spanish map. According to my mineral witching, he was not yet close to the treasure. I have located it from quite a distance. If it is like it shows on the map he had, it is quite a fabulous underground treasure. The Spaniards imported men and equipment years ago and built an underground cathedral, lining the ceilings, walls and floor with solid gold. Inside the cathedral is a statue of the Virgin Mary made of wood and gold plated, holding nineteen inch solid gold candle sticks in each hand. Lying on the floor back of the statue are maps to 137 of the richest mines in this section of the country and hoards of valuable minerals and treasures.

In the late eighties, some men from Madison County, Arkansas, were sent to prison for making silver money. While on trial, one said, "If you knew what we know, you could shoe your horses and pave your roads with silver from your home country and have plenty left."

I have since located the amount and location of the silver. There is also a place on White River showing some eight or ten yards wide of silver ore. There is also a strong pull of uranium and radium.

What I have said is authentic to the best of my actual findings. If there is anyone wishing to bear expense for part of the return on the findings, I would be glad to have him contact me. —H. C. Logan, Box 445, Huntsville, Arkansas.

Folk's note: Women are the greatest wiggle witches there are. They can sniff out a jewelry store ten blocks away in heavy traffic. In the meantime, I'm still trying to find six hairs and three heads—must be a depression.

Gold! Gold! Gold!

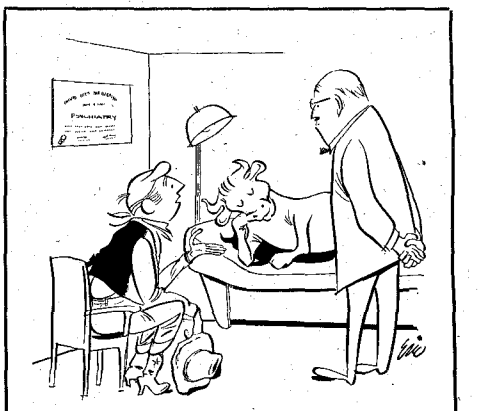
Hello, Folks!

Brace yourselves and take a good look at the enclosed clipping from *Los Angeles Examiner*. It looks like a real gold rush is on its way. The doctor and his chemist broke into a real lark when they were prospecting for fun . . . to have $275,000.00 fall into their laps.

"As assay firm today confirmed reports of a rich gold strike—$3600 per ton of ore—in the California mother lode country.

"The rich gold ore was found by Dr. Eugene Woods, forty-four, a Fresno dentist, who prospects for fun.

"Alex Viau, assistant chief chemist at Twining Laboratories here, said ore samples assayed $3600 a ton.



"That's right, Doc. S'help me—she drinks milk and gives grass."

" 'It is by far the richest of any assay of gold bearing ore our lab has seen,' he said.

"Dr. Woods made the find six months ago near the historic mining town of Coarsegold, thirty miles north of Fresno.

" 'The dirt and overburden which I call junk, assays about $321 to the ton,' Dr. Woods said.

"Woods and Thomas D. Young, a Wichita, Kansas, oilman, have taken a mining lease on eighty acres near Coarsegold. Woods said he and Young are negotiating to sell the holding to the Homestake Mining Company for $275,000 plus ten per cent of the earnings.

"Mining Engineer Lee Burns is making an exploration survey but says it is too early to tell how much gold there is in the holdings."

So, all you office sitters better pick up your prospecting equipment and head for Coarsegold; it lies northeast of Fresno on Highway 41. I'd go myself if I were twenty years younger than my seventy-eight. Good hunting!—Lee R. Akins, 1020 Cravens Avenue, Torrance, California.

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Cherokee Bill Capture Questionable

My dear Mr. Small,

I do not claim to know much about Cherokee Bill but, as a native Oklahoman, the article, "Cherokee Bill Shot Me," by Thomas B. Kendall as told to Virginia Card, is most interesting.

When she mentions the "Atcher," I suppose that refers to the Santa Fe Railroad. White Oak and Nowata are misspelled in the story and to go from Nowata to Twin Mounds, one would hardly speak of going past Chelsea. While Harmon's *Hell on the Border* has many imperfections, it is doubtful if he would have missed the Baker killings when he mentions at least three other separate ones.

A friend who knew Bud Ledbetter well for years does not recall him ever mentioning capturing Cherokee Bill. Another thing, if Mr. Kendall was born in 1877, as stated in the article, he would have been eighteen when Cherokee Bill was captured—hardly an age to be deputized by an experienced officer like Bud Ledbetter.

It would be interesting to know where Mr. Kendall took Cherokee Bill—to Fort Smith? To whom was he turned over? What disposition was made of Cherokee Bill for the Baker killings? How did he gain his freedom to roam the country to commit further robberies and murders, as the one he was convicted for? What were the dates of the Baker killings, the capture by Ledbetter, and Bill's being taken in tow by Mr. Kendall and his turning him over to authorities? I am sure historians of frontier events would like to have Mr. Kendall's answer to these and other puzzling questions.—James O. Whelchel, 1335 South Rockford Avenue, 1 Larry Apts., Tulsa 20, Oklahoma.

It's The Gospel—True West!

Dear Sirs:

Avoiding fiction like poison, I have always read with interest true stories of the Old West and have just recently devoured your magazine.

Another reason for my interest in your magazine is that I conduct large children's revival meetings in which I relate true stories providing they can be used as mediums for gospel truth. I am hoping that in your worthy publications I'll find an ideal vehicle to be used in preaching.—William Booth-Clibborn, 2006 N.E. Weidler Street, Portland 12, Oregon.

A writer once asked us after we edited a few choice words, "What are you, Sunday school teachers?" We may not be just that, but it's for sure that if I had a choice as to which end of the horse I'd rather own, it'd be the front half! True West is proud of its "choice word editing" because it's a pleasure to have so many young readers as well as satisfied old-timers.

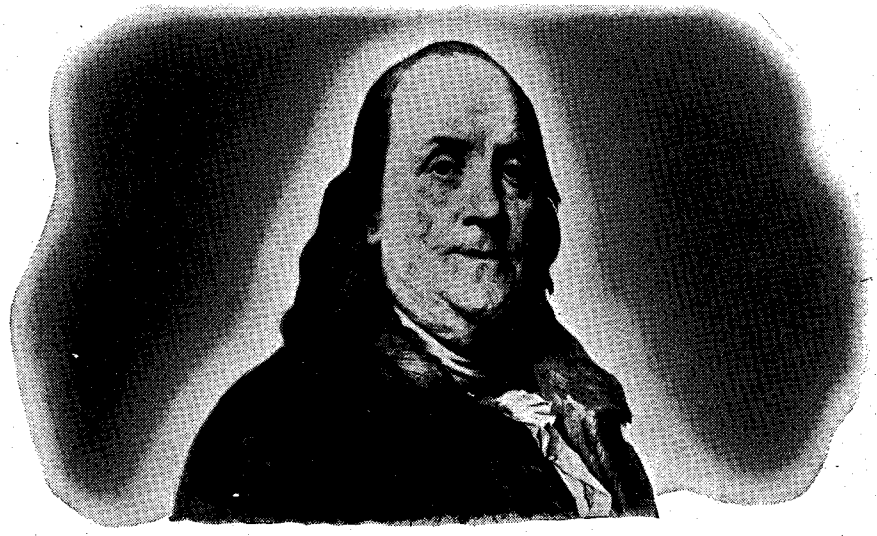
TV Hiccups

Howdy, Joe!

"Truly Western" is still rollin' along like a tumbleweed. This December issue was great. Tom Bailey's "The Devil's Highway" was in fine tradition and so well-written that I got halfway through it and had to stop and take on a gallon of water!

Wyatt Earp is still being resurrected, I see. He's been dug up oftener than a potato patch. Who will ever be able to separate the man from the legend?

WHAT SECRET POWER DID THIS MAN POSSESS?



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I reckon we may as well face it. In the not too distant future Belle Starr, the homely old hoss thief, will be confused with Belle Boyd, the beauteous Confederate spy. Calamity Jane, with long, golden curls, will be billed as "America's Sweetheart" and Kid Curry, the deadliest killer of the Old West, will no doubt soon make his TV debut along with Fanny Porter as his "heart-of-gold" sweetheart. The Kid was a natty dresser when he was in the chips and it wouldn't be too erratic for the TV boys to dress him in a pair of solid gold spats. Fanny was no stranger to the Kid (she once joined him in a drinking bout that terrified even that tough old harridan) so that much would be at least authentic—if that sort of thing is to be considered. But they've really done something I never dreamed possible: they made a respectable married man out of "Doc" Holliday. Anyone who can do that to a deadly, dedicated dentist is WAY outta my league! Keep 'em comin', Joe!—Z. B. Schramm, Box 978, Florence, Arizona.

After Glen Baker's "The Fabulous Charlie Goodnight" appeared in the November-December True West, we received a flood of letters from his nephew, his widow, an outraged ex-Goodnight employee's son and from the author himself. It's not easy for man to judge man, but when the good facts outweigh the bad, there's not much sense in grabbing a man by his pants legs and try to pull him down the ladder.

The Untold Facts?

Dear Mr. Baker:

I read your story on Charlie Goodnight with a raised eyebrow. In his later years Goodnight did some worthwhile things in Texas but I can't praise a man who sinned as he did and who defied the laws of Texas for years. My father worked on his ranch and I know the true story. For years Goodnight had range riders along the barbed wire fence which protected property belonging to the government, not to Goodnight.

Many times men crossed the borders of Goodnight's ranch and were never heard of or seen again. Goodnight had a million acres of land, thousands of horses, cattle and a huge flock of buffalo on open grazing ground which belonged to the state. He never paid a dime in taxes or rent.

Records in Austin and in the Texas Rangers' history brought about the demand for Goodnight to pay rental on land he didn't own. He went so far as to cut up the land into four counties, elected a sheriff, a prosecutor or judge among the cowboys.

In his later years, he built a church, schools and helped build a railroad but the Lord knows his actions in Colorado during the Civil War.

Apparently you were afraid to bring out these facts or didn't know the true Goodnight story.—Lee Arnold, Box 667, Hollywood, California.

Goodnight's Place In History

Dear Mr. Arnold:

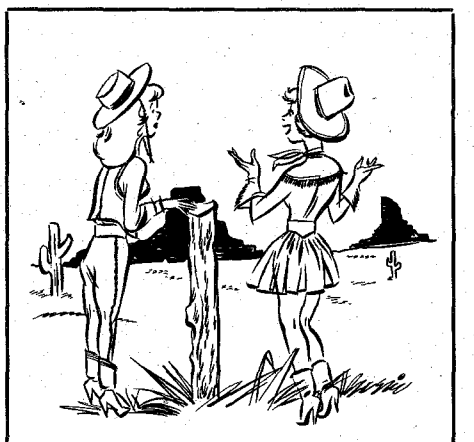
Research will not bear out your charges. In any evaluation of Goodnight's life, one must, of necessity, take into consideration the milieu in which he lived. This, coupled with the fact that Goodnight was a rugged individualist, explains most of his actions. I still maintain he was, *in his time and era,* a *giant,* and that whatever his shortcomings, his achievements far outweigh his misdeeds—if misdeeds they were.

Goodnight was simply protecting what he had built with his own hard work when he fenced in his holdings. Another thing, almost every large ranch is said to have mysteriously gobbled up any stranger that set foot on it.

What Goodnight did with his land or how he organized it is a matter of politics.

As for Goodnight's part in Colorado during the Civil War, the facts and records show that from 1861 to 1864, Goodnight was with the Frontier Battalion stationed at Fort Belknap, Texas. The Civil War was over in 1864 but Goodnight didn't make his first trip to Colorado until 1866 when blazing the Goodnight-Loving Trail.

Goodnight's place in Western History, I think, is safe. He was a man of action, of vision and no unsupported tales are going to change that.—Glen Baker, 5909 Aztec Rd. N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico.



"I like a man of the world—especially when he owns so much of it."

Dear Sir:

Mr. A. P. Wilson, a subscriber of your *True West,* loaned me the December issue containing the article by Glen Baker entitled "The Fabulous Charlie Goodnight."

I am the widow of Charles Goodnight. We were married on his ninety-first birthday, March 5, 1927, and he passed away December 12, 1929.

Over a year ago, Charles Goodnight was featured in "Trail Blazer," presented on TV by the Telephone Hour. It was tremendous!

My husband was truly a great man and I am glad that men like Mr. Baker honor and perpetuate his splendid name. Mrs. Charles (Corinne) Goodnight, Box 397, Marquette, Michigan.

True West Publishers:

You might be surprised to receive a few lines of bull from one of Mr. Goodnight's nephews. John Bently of Wichita Falls sent me your magazine and I just wanted you to know that I put over my eighty-ninth birthday on October 12.

I greatly enjoyed the article of my uncle with pictures of Mr. Loving and Mr. Adair. The railroad was completed to Denver in the fall and winter of 1887. After my uncle and Mrs. Adair made a division of the four ranches, Mr. and Mrs. Goodnight moved to the R.R., north of the JA ranch. I was with my uncle ten years. I can remember the loads of buffalo hides that Billie Dixon brought past our home on the way to a Fort Worth market.

Mr. Goodnight was born March 5, 1836, and died in Phoenix on December 12, 1929. He was buried at Goodnight, eighteen miles west of Clarendon. After Mr. and Mrs. Goodnight married, they went to Pueblo, Colorado, by way of Kansas City. They put up at a hotel until Aunt Mary looked out of the window and saw two men hanging from a telegraph pole. That put her in the notion of going back to Texas but it was soon calmed down. That was in 1875, I think.—Walter T. McLarn, 6902 Indiana, Buena Park, California.

Klondike Stove Inventor

Mr. Austell Small:

If any one should come up with the question, "Who built the first Klondike Stove?" tell them it was an Englishman named Ainsworth who operated a sheet metal shop at a little suburb of Providence, Rhode Island. On Corliss Heights, just a little way from Wanskuk on Branch Heights where Ainsworth had his shop, George Corliss had his home. He made the great engine that operated the first World's Fair at Chicago.

When I was about twelve years old, my uncle took me to see Gentry Brother's Dog and Pony Show. Among the attractions was Frank James and Cole Younger. It was quite a thrill for a young boy.

Please remember, J. Frank Dobie is my kind of writer.—Harry L. Allen, 408 E. Thirteenth, Carthage, Missouri.

Speaking of "your kind of writer," there's another interesting article by Mr. Dobie in this issue. Whether madstones help in case of hydrophobia is a question few doctors will even consider but there are plenty of people today who'll swear on their lucky horseshoe that it saved their granddad. Quien sabe? There's an old Mexican saying: "If the patient lived, God saved him. If he died, the doctor killed him."

San Saba Mob Recollections

Gentlemen,

I have just read in your *True West* about the San Saba Mob. I can tell you something few people alive today can tell you. I was well acquainted with Buck Chamberlain as I chummed with his boys.

I knew about two men that the Mob "hung." They didn't really hang them—just kinda stretched their necks. One of the Mob told us boys down at Bertram all about it and who they were. After giving these two men notice to leave the county, the Mob went looking for them. At the house of the first victim, they called him out and "hung" him up. When they let him down, they told him he had until sundown of the next day to leave. Then they rode on to the next man. He was stretched up three times before he would talk. When they finally let him down, his neck was so burned by the rope that he carried a scar for the rest of his life.

When I came to the Plains around 1900, one of these men was among the first people I met. We met at a roundup. He was a jolly old guy, always laughing. One day I said to him, "Bill, they did not hang you enough down at

(Continued on page 60)

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This magazine is like a fiddle—it definitely gets more valuable with age. If we only had a good supply of those first fifteen issues! We have been offered up to $30 per copy for the most valuable numbers—and they are only five years old!

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Why don't you invest in **TRUE WEST?** Lay in a supply now while we have them, and let them value with age. Like life as a whole, we have none of some, too few of too many, and too many of a few—so are willing to sell you certain issues at special prices. Even though they are listed at 25c each, we'll sell copies of Nos. 27, 28, 29, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36 and 37 of TRUE WEST and all issues listed of **FRONTIER TIMES** (with the exception of 1FT) at **JUST 19c PER COPY!** At the rate our back issues are going, even one year from now they could be worth 50c per copy—and that's no bull.

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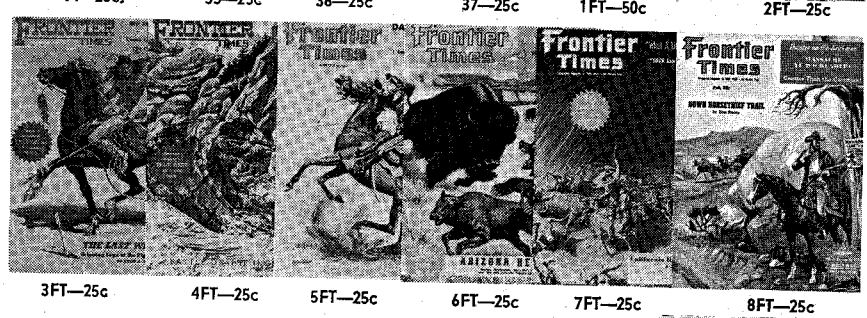

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 58)

San Saba." He just laughed and said, "How did you know?" I told him I had heard about it from one of the Mob.

Talking about the other fellow who was hung up, he said, "You see him every first Monday at Snyder. He had grown a long beard and long hair."

Later I met him and it was true. He had let his hair grow long to hide the scar on his neck. Both men are dead now.

I also helped Captain John Hughes gather the last of his horses on his ranch northwest of Austin. One day when I was working for a fellow named Waggoner who had bought Hughes out. Ira Aten and Hughes came and camped with us. They were hunting a man who had killed a couple up around Lampasas. When they caught up with him, Ira Aten shot him between the eyes. I saw him as he was hauled off in a wagon to Bertram.

I am past eighty-one now and have been on the frontier all my life.—George Lightfoot, O'Donnell, Texas.

My Uncle Ashley said that the surest way to keep from being hanged was to ride a Shetland pony—all you had to worry about then was being able to straighten out your legs.

Not A Flaw

Gentlemen:

As a regular subscriber of *True West*, I always read "Truly Western" first. I get a kick out of the bouquets and bricks thrown your way.

After reading the December *True West* and the article, "Little Lost Ghost Town" by Don Ashbaugh, I wanted to tell you that to my knowledge there isn't a flaw or error in the whole story. I ought to know because I roamed over those hills in 1921 and 1922.

I noted that Nipton now has a store. When I passed through there several times, it was just a ghost town and the only building standing was the hotel. From Nipton to Crescent it was four miles over a deep rutted road. At that time it was not exactly a ghost town as there were four or five inhabitants.

An old German woman, Mrs. Jordan, ran the old "hotel" with her male partner. They were also reworking a turquoise mine formerly owned by Tiffany's of New York. I have often wondered what happened to Mrs. Jordan.

Keep up the good work and I hope to read some more good stories by Mr. Ashbaugh.—Alfred J. Kahrs, 10824 Myrtice Drive, Dallas, 28, Texas.

Gentlemen's note: Thanks for the bouquet, Mr. Kahrs, and speaking of ghost towns, there's one whiz of a story in this issue so full of movement that it'd drive a haunted house out of business even in the full moon. Hope you enjoy it!

Frank James' Only Son

Dear Editor,

In your September-October *True West*, Phil Durling of Canada stated that Mr. Elmer Anglin James passed on at Toronto where "he had lived for the past fifty years. Mr. James was the son of Frank James."

This is all wrong. Frank James never had but one son, Robert Franklin James, and I knew him well. He passed away on November 18, 1959. A newspaper article from Liberty, Missouri, stated, "Robert Franklin James, only son of the infamous Frank James and nephew of Jesse, is dead." He was eighty-two at the time of his death.

I also knew Jesse James, Jr., well while living in Kansas City several years in the twenties.—B. L. Shaver, 1125 Larimer, Wichita, Kansas.

Cow's Paw?

Dear Sirs,

In my letter published in your November-December *True West*, I stated that the Indians and whites organized an anti-horse thief association to protect their stock by branding a letter C on the left JAW . . . not left paw as your printer had it. Some readers might wonder if this Indian knows what he's talking about. Who ever heard of branding cattle and horses on their *paws?* So, just for the Cherokee record, it's jaws—not paws! Thank you. —Noonah Bearpaw, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

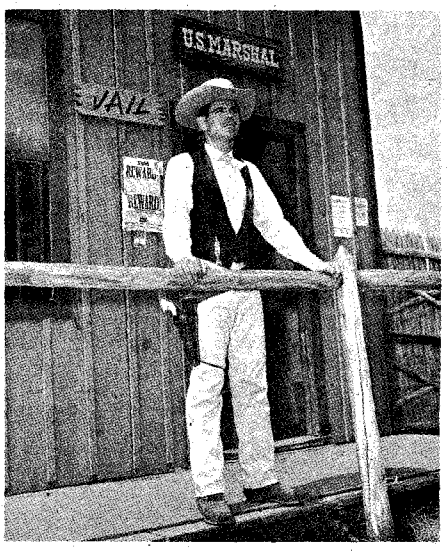
Ain't typographical errors heck! It's like branding a steer—after the sizzle, there's no turning back.

Western Gun Action Needs Help!

Dear Sir:

I have a problem which maybe some of your readers might be able to solve.

I produce and direct Western Gun Action through the eastern states. These gun fights are bank holdups with the Dalton gang and the gun fight at the OK Corral, plus many other incidents that are written by myself.



Kirk Martin.

But where can I find a store or dealer who has an authentic marshal and deputy marshal badge? These badges are very hard to come by and some old-timer might have one that he'd like to sell. I'd also like to write to some frontier towns in the Middle West for more material that would be interesting on the show.

Keep up the good work on *True West* and *Frontier Times*. These magazines make up the best library in the world for names of towns and dates.—Kirk Martin, 60 Roosevelt Avenue, Stamford, Connecticut.

Old-Timers Welcomed

Howdy, Gents:

I've been reading *True West* ever since it hit the market and I'm convinced it's the best.

My dad, Roy C. Bailey, was a rounder and I used to sit for hours and listen

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to his experiences—the most interesting one happening when he was no more than a year old. While my grandmother was driving the old prairie schooner across Oklahoma and my grandfather walking beside the team, eleven buck Indians rode out and demanded that they surrender my dad.

Granddaddy stepped alongside the wagon and said, "Hand me the gun, Martha."

Receiving the old muzzle-loading shotgun, Granddaddy spat out, "Vamoose pronto!"

Those Indians high-tailed it out of there quick.

There's a picture of Captain Jack Crawford in your *True West* some time back in the article "Run or Be Scalped." Dad used to sing a ballad called "California Joe," written by Captain Jack Crawford, Indian scout and hunter. These two men might be one and the same. I remember most of it if anyone's interested.

If any old-timers are ever around Dallas, come a few miles south to Lancaster and see me. In the words of C. M. Russell, "You'll always find the robe spread and the pipe lit."—Richard "the Dallas Drifter" Bailey, Box 55, Lancaster, Texas.

After some deliberation on the July-August True West article of "Run or Be Scalped," it seemed finally that a more appropriate title might be "Run or Have Your Head Bashed In" when we were set straight that Apaches didn't scalp!

We are going to start printing old songs. Anyone know all the words to "Root Hog or Die"? Send in words to any old song you know and we'll use one or two in each "Truly Western."

Ask "Truly Western"

Dear Sir:

I am a steady reader of your fine Western magazines. If you haven't yet, I would like for you to form a True Western Club.

Members would pay annual fees, receive the magazine monthly, and there might be an added attraction for members. I think that there are a lot of people who would like to become a member because there is a trend in western history today.—Julian Aichuleto, 4618 Carlton NW, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

We've come to rely on all you anti-TV fans who like western literature presented as factual as humanly possible. It's just natural for you to be the ones to voice your opinion on a True Western Club. If you would like to be a member, any suggestions for special calling cards and chuck wagon surprises?

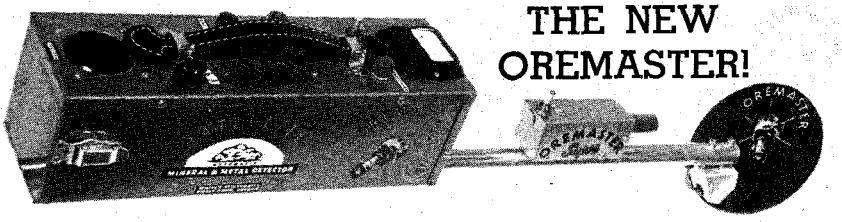
"Truly Western" Readers Challenged

Dear Mr. Small,

I want some information muy pronto so I'm challenging your claim that if something needs explaining, just print it in "Truly Western."

Can any of your readers give me authentic information regarding the place and date of death of Marion Turner, Andy Boyle and Barney Mason—all of Lincoln County War fame?—Philip J. Rasch, 1839 West Fifth, San Pedro, California.

Help, podners! This Californian needs some information and he's testing my claim that True West has the knowingest bunch of buckaroos that ever pounded the western trails or dusty bookshelves. How about it?



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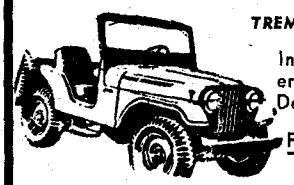

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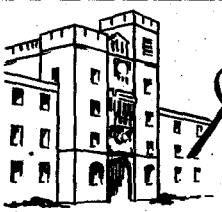

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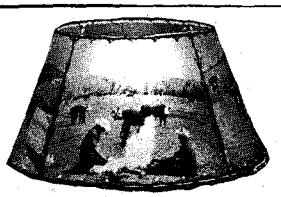

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

MEBBE SO!

Long John Dunn of Taos (Westernlore, $5.75) is the incredible story of the life and adventures of a tough old hombre as told to Max Evans. Maybe Long John did all the things he told Max he did, and maybe he didn't. Perhaps he had yarned to the tourists so long that he got to believing his own lies in his old age. In April, 1952, Long John, then ninety-five years old, signed an affidavit that the story of his life as told to Max was "the truth from beginning to end." There's an old saying—if a man'll lie, he'll swear to it—and the affidavit will be questioned by some—does the man protest too much?

The way Long John told the story, he was a horse thief in Texas; a cow thief in Montana; a man killer in Texas, sentenced to life imprisonment; a jail breaker from the Texas state penitentiary; a smuggler on the Rio Grande; a professional gambler in Matamoros; a rodeo rider and seller of stolen horses in Mobeetie; a crooked gambler and saloon owner in Elizabethtown (New Mexico); a monte dealer in Billings, Cheyenne and Goldfield, Nevada; and the winner of a fight at Goldfield, promoted by Tex Rickard, where he used his shotgun to speed the collection of his bets.

Long John was also a farm laborer, a cowboy, a trail driver and a ranch foreman. His one ambition was to get into "transportation." He moved to Taos in 1889 where he owned two gambling houses and tried to buy the toll bridge from the owner, one Meyers. The price was $15,000. Long John had only $4,000 and he tried to win the difference at the gambling tables but the little matter of the killing of the city marshal intervened. When he made his big stake at Goldfield he headed back to Taos to buy the toll bridge. He bought it for $2,200 and bought out the builders of a rival bridge, then under construction, for $1,500. That was in 1902 and Long John, all six-four of him, had finally settled. He was forty-five at the time and was to be a Taos booster for another half century. He ran his toll bridge, the stage line, a livery stable, had the mail contract, owned a road house at one of his stage stops, married and raised a family and still had time to play a little poker.

This is an entertaining book—and it might even be true—with some good photographs in the usual fine Westernlore format.

PLAINS INDIANS

The Arthur H. Clark Company has just released *Relations With the Indians of the Plains, 1857-1861,* ($9.50), edited by Leroy R. and Ann W. Hafen which is Volume IX of *The Far West and The Rockies Series—1820-1875.* This is a documentary account of the military campaigns and negotiations of Indian agents including the reports and journals of P. G. Lowe, R. M. Peck, J. E. B. Stuart, S. D. Sturgis and other official papers.

The book provides much information about military campaigns and peace negotiations with High Plains Indians that plundered and heckled overland travelers along the Sante Fe Trail and Platte Valley routes. The U. S. military operated out of such Great Plains forts as Laramie, Kearney, Leavenworth, Riley, Atkinson, Larned, Bent's, Wise, St. Vrain and several others. Some of the heroes of these campaigns with the Cheyennes, Comanches, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Sioux were: General W. S. Harney, Major John Sedgwick, General Winfield Scott, Lieutenant Jeb Stuart, William Bent and J. W. Denver.

Skillfully edited by the Hafens, the volume has a specially prepared colored folding map, fine portraits and index.

LAW AND OUTLAWS

Bill Martin, American (Caxton, $5) is primarily told in the first person although Bill died in 1950. His widow, Molly Radford Martin, chose the material to be included in this account from the wire recordings, notes, clippings and court records Bill left. Bill Martin, a Swiss by birth, emigrated to Canada when he was fifteen and spent his first years in the West as a Saskatchewan cowboy. He became acquainted with the work of the Northwest Mounties and this led to the decision to become a peace officer. He fought professionally while attending police school in New York City. He was in counter-espionage for his adopted country in World War I and was an intelligence officer and transport commander in World War II. Between the two wars he was a well-known detective in northern New Mexico, where some of his cases rival those of another cowboy detective, Charlie Siringo. This is an entertaining book.

The Outlaw Trail (Devin-Adair, $6) by Charles Kelly is a revised and enlarged edition of a book privately printed under the same title by the author in 1938. The first edition is scarce and expensive.

Utah's Robin Hood, George LeRoy Parker, alias Butch Cassidy, grandson of a member of an ill-fated Mormon handcart company, was one of the most successful cattle thieves, bank robbers and train hold-up operators that bedeviled the early west. A fearless and brainy leader of over fifty hit-and-run grand larcenists, he never killed a man during his life until his last battle with soldiers at San Vicente Bolivia, in 1909.

Butch Cassidy, a minor horse thief went into the big time with veteran bank robber, Tom McCarty, leader of the Blue Mountain gang in San Juan County, Utah. Tom executed the famous Telluride bank robbery with the help of his brother-in-law, Matt Warner, and

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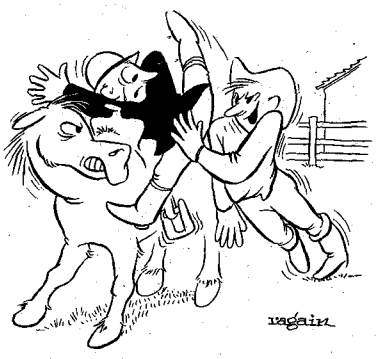
Butch. Butch and Matt were star pupils and soon engineered train and bank robberies that extended from Canada to Old Mexico. Fortunes were lifted and recklessly spent for protection and "blow outs." These desperate, hunted men escaped lawmen as they dodged in and out of their famous hideouts in The Hole in Wall country in Wyoming, Brown's Hole and Robbers Roost in Utah and hundreds of caves and rimrocks that provided temporary sanctuary.

Some of the trusted members of Cassidy's clan were Matt Warner, Elza Lay, George Curry, Kid Curry and the Sundance Kid. The latter died with Butch in Bolivia.

This book is remarkable for its amazing detail and accounts of the red-blooded history of western banditry.



"Now, that's a coincidence. This is th' hoss's first ride, too."

RANGE LIFE

Nora Linjer Bowman's *Only the Mountains Remain* (Caxton, $5) is a simply old tale of life on the huge Utah Construction Company ranch that comprised one-thirty-second part of the State of Nevada in its heyday. Mrs. Bowman was the wife of the superintendent and his book is full of homely incidents of family living far from a town in the twenties. It is also the story of ranch operations involving 40,000 sheep, 50,000 cattle and 3,000 horses. Some fine photographs support the entertaining text.

HISTORY MAKERS

Forgotten Men of Cripple Creek (Big Mountain Press, $4) is by one of the pioneers of the area, Leslie Doyle (Day) Spell and his wife, Hazel M. Spell. The author's father, Bill Spell, was a rail driver and a Kansas soddy homesteader before he moved to Colorado. George Carr, a family friend from Kansas, was a pioneer rancher in the Cripple Creek area. There is much on them and on Uncle Dick Houghton and the Freek family in addition to others who have long been ignored by history but who helped make it. Stratton, who made millions, rates only a mighty brief chapter. Some good photographs enhance the value of the book.

BIGFOOT WALLACE

The Mier Expedition (Naylor, $2) is Walter F. McCaleb's latest attempt at simplified history of Texas for the younger set. Bigfoot Wallace is quoted many times in this account of one of the really strange events of Tex-Mex border action. Dr. McCaleb says Bigfoot told him the story of the ill-fated expedition. Some use was also made of the Green, Stapp and Trueheart accounts of the fiasco but this is primarily Wallace's version as he remembered it half a century later. Houston, Lamar, Somerville and even brave wounded Fisher, who was duped into surrendering, are chided by the author for their parts in the affair. Bigfoot was always a good story-teller so the juniors will like it.

DIAMOND HITCH

Horses, Hitches and Rocky Trails (Sage, $4) by Joe Back is chockfull of information about pack horses, packs and pack trips into the high country. In addition to being an expert guide and packer, Joe Back is a capable illustrator and he has talked twice on nearly every subject—in words and with drawings. To a certain extent this is a do-it-yourself book since Joe, by words and pictures, has so clearly shown how the job could be done. This is an entertaining book even if you aren't planning a trip into the high country. If you are planning one, and it's your first, buy Joe's book by all means *but* also take Joe or one of his compadres along—you'll be repaid both in entertainment and in comfort and safety.

Well, Heckfire-doggone!

(Continued from page 3)

Times was a baby sister that showed promise and just might grow up—but by golly, it sure wasn't *True West!*

The thing got real funny after all our tears had played out. After you suffer so long, there just isn't anything left in you to come out in the form of tears. You feel sort of hollow and dried out inside and all you can do is give a brittle cackle. It comes out sounding a little like the people they put behind wires, but unfortunately, no one ever came for us.

The reason I said it got a little funny after so long is the fact that we picked up some brand new readers on *Frontier Times* who started writing us that they had read the companion magazine, *True West*, but it wasn't as good as *Frontier Times!* That is when we started playing jacks, pulling out strands of old men's moustaches and pinching fat ladies on the street.

Well, with the help of *True West*, baby sister has stepped right on up and is now knocking on the heels of *True West*—nearly caught up. We've had to do it the hard way, however. And you know something, there **still** are people who will swear there is a difference between *True West* and *Frontier Times*.

I solemnly swear before you—in the presence of friends, enemies and carpetbaggers—*True West* and *Frontier Times* are one and the same magazine, so help me God.

They are edited by the same crew, the material is pulled from the same files, printed by the same printer and mailed at the same post office. The **only** difference is in the titles. The only reason we put another title on *True West* (in the form of *Frontier Times)* is to stay on the newsstands longer and that was because we **had** to do it—the difference in sales would have been quite large. As it worked

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out, it probably was the worst move the way we did it—but nobody is perfect. I know a man who dropped a hammer on his toe one time. It hurt like heck, but there was no way he could prevent the confounded hammer from falling after he'd turned loose of it. At any rate, we hope to put out *Frontier Times* bi-monthly in the relatively near future and then there will be a magazine for you folks every **month!**

NOW COME ON, YOU *TRUE WEST* READERS—BUY *FRONTIER TIMES* BECAUSE THEY ARE THE **VERY SAME** MAGAZINE! It is like two jars of peaches from the same tree—they only have a different label maybe.

Here's my promise to you—as soon as you buy copy for copy of *Frontier Times* as compared to True West, we'll make it bi-monthly.

I can't turn loose without thanking you folks who stuck by us when the going was hardest. Thank is such a small word. If you don't believe we are living proof of a great appreciation, then feel our pulse. They still beat (I think?) and they wouldn't if a good percentage of you folks hadn't backed our draw.

I got to go now. Like the old mule—we're doing our very durndest and hope you are the same.—Joe

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

year at the penitentiary at Canon City. He ended up his remarks by saying, "An' now, Zim, seeing as I am about out of things to eat, an' as you will have the costs of this here suit to pay, I reckon you'd better take a turn amongst the foothills with your rifle and see if you can't pick up some meat before night."

Zimri, believing in the majesty of the law, went out into the foothills and returned with a black-tailed fawn and a jack rabbit which he turned over to the court. Then the constable, Mike Irving, mounted on his bronco and the prisoner, riding Elder Slater's mule which had been loaned for the occasion, started out across the mountains for Canon City.

Two days later they arrived at the prison gate, their animals loaded with deer, antelope and a small cinnamon bear, which they sold to the warden of the prison. Mike Irving divided the money with Zimri and handed over the prisoner with this very original mittimus:

"To the head man of the Colorado prison, down at the foot of the Big Canyon on the Arkansaw.

"Take notis: Zimri Bowles who comes with this ye're, Stole Elder Slater's one-eyed mule, an' it was all the mule the Elder had, an' I sentenced Zim officially to one year in prison, an' hated to do it seein' as Zim once stood by me like a man when the Injuns had me in a tite place, an' arter I sentenced Zim to one year fer stealin' the Elder's mule, my wife Lizzy, who is a kinda tenderhearted critter, cum and leaned her arm on my shoulder, an' she says, 'Father, don't fergit the time when Zim with his rifle covered our cabin from Granite Mountain, an' saved us from the Araphoes; an' father, I've heerd ye tell that after ye was wounded at Sand Creek, an' helpless, it was Zimri's rifle that halted the Injun that was creepin' in the grass to scalp ye,' and there was a tear splash fell on the sentence, an' I changed my mind sudently as follows: Seein's as the mule had but one eye, and want more'n half a mule at that, you can let Zim go at about six months, an' sooner if the Injuns should get ugly, and furthermore, if the Elder should quiet down and give in any time, I will pardon Zim instanter.

Jim Barker, J.P.

"Witness my official hand and seal, in Blue Lizard Gulch, El Paso, County in the Territory."

THE WARDEN explained to Constable Irving that he could not receive a prisoner on that sort of commitment, that Zimri should have given a bond of around $300 to appear at the District Court. Mike Irving and his prisoner

"Gad! Nylon!"

withdrew and had a confab and Zim agreed to give the bond. He signed his name to an old writ of replevin bond calling for $300 that was found among the constable's papers which had been handed down to him by his predecessor.

Since the constable intended to go back to Blue Lizard Gulch by the way of Pinon Mountain to inspect a bear's den, he gave the bond to Zimri to take back to Justice Barker.

But Zimri, on his return, traded the bond to a mountain squatter, just in from Missouri, for a horse, bridle and saddle, and set out for parts unknown.

Presumably everybody was happy over the outcome for Zimri had his freedom, the Elder had his mule, Barker had done his duty and Barker's wife doubtless felt that a just debt had been repaid.

MILES CITY'S FIRST MARSHAL

By MARC PETERSON

MILES CITY, in eastern Montana, was a typical wide open frontier town in the 1860's. Fort Keogh was there first, and when Colonel Miles got tired of the gamblers and wild women around his fort, he kicked them out. The civilians moved a few miles away and set up tents. The tent settlement grew and soon became a town.

In the beginning the tough element—swaddies, buffalo hunters, tin horns, bullwhackers and mule skinners—ran the town about as they pleased. There was at least one brawl every night, sometimes more.

The easiest way to handle this kind of trouble was to let it settle itself—and this was exactly what the law-abiding people did. However, as the town grew and the brawling increased, the law-abiding citizens decided to employ a marshal. So they hired Henry Wormwood, better known as Hank.

Although Miles City was never noted for the tough gunplay of such Kansas cow towns as Abilene and Dodge City, it still had moments when the marshal had to be a man of decision and courage. Hank's long sandy hair made the townspeople wonder about the usefulness of their new marshal in a showdown.

One night Hank got a report that there was a big bunch of soldiers at Strader's Saloon. One of them was getting drunk and bragging about how no "longhaired s.o.b." was going to spoil his fun.

Hank realized that his hand was called. If he let this opportunity go by, the townspeople's doubts about him would take root.

He was sore now and determmed to shut the town up once and for all. He checked his belt and holster and walked out into the starry night. Silently his friends followed as he strode down to Strader's Saloon. He could hear the laughter and the clinking of glasses as he approached the swinging doors. As soon as he stepped inside, the place became quiet. Glancing about, he saw as many as twenty-five soldiers. The tough drunk was slouching at the far end of the bar. The marshal walked slowly up to the bar, careful to keep his hands down and open.

"What's this I hear?" he began, not unfriendly. "You wouldn't do anything to hurt me, would you?"

The drunk wasn't as tall as Han but he was stocky and powerful. Hank had a pair of long hands with slender strong fingers; and he had the advantage of knowing what he was going to do. The soldier could only guess.

Suddenly, Hank's hands shot out en circling the soldier's neck. He lifte him off the floor and pinned hin against the wall. The fellow began t gag and choke. His tongue popped ou and his face went purple. Holding hin for a moment with one hand, Hanl reached down with the other and tool away his gun before he set him down

With one eye and his six-shooter cover ing his prisoner, Hank coolly surveye the rest of the soldiers.

"I'm gonna take this boy back to th fort," he said. "I advise you fellow not to interfere."

Not a soldier made a move to sto Hank as he walked out of the saloo with his man.

"I'm sure glad we saw this," said on of Hank's friends to another. "There gonna be some mighty surprised peopl around here tomorrow."

By the middle of the next mornin the whole town knew of Hank's exploi There were no apologies but Hank kne that he had accomplished his purpo from the different tone of their wor and a respecting look in their eyes.

"Hell," one man said, "he could bra his hair now and nobody would say damn thing!"

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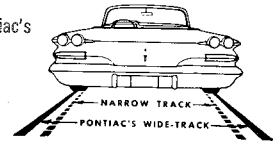

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